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Watergate: Surreptitious Entry

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LETTERS

black politics

Sacramento, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Thanks for sending me *The Nation* editorials ["Rap Session" and "The New Seniority," August 13]. Both reflect the fact that politics has become the cutting edge of the civil rights movement.

The new, black political sophistication is usually overlooked by political observers, but it is a very real, growing influence on American politics. I am convinced that it will be a beneficial, humanizing influence because it is born out of centuries of suffering of black people, and it is directed toward righting the wrongs done to all poor, victimized and oppressed people in our society regardless of race.

Mervyn M. Dymally, Senator
California State Legislature

Canadian amnesty

DEAR SIRS: About 40,000 to 50,000 American war resisters are in exile in Canada. More than half the exiles are there illegally because they could not meet the immigration standards of the Canadian Government. They cannot legally get a job or have the benefits of governmental social services. They are always in fear of being discovered and deported.

Now, the Canadian Government is about to adopt a law which will provide that, for one not-to-be-repeated period of sixty days, every exile who arrived in Canada by November 30, 1972, irrespective of how he came there or under what conditions he stayed, may apply to have his residence in Canada legalized. Some 20,000 American exiles will therefore have a brief opportunity to regularize their lives in Canada until such time as the American people welcome them back with a general amnesty.

But the identities and whereabouts of these war resister exiles are, of course, unknown. It is therefore essential that their families and friends inform them immediately of the new Canadian law and urge them to be in touch promptly with the American exile "aid center" nearest them for help with the process of applying to Canadian Government authorities for obtaining "landed immigrant" status. Those who do not know the exile "aid centers" in Canada should write to the National Council of Churches, Room 766, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y. 10027.

Henry Schwarzschild
Project on Amnesty, American Civil Liberties Union

jobs and peace

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Michael Harrington's "Prospects for a Peace Movement" [*The Nation*, June 11] calls for serious thought, and those of us who share his devotion to peace without sharing his enthusiasm for socialism can concur in almost all of it.

However, when he gets to that "search for intermediate solutions" and offers as one of them "a genuine full-employment policy—one which guaranteed every worker a decent job," because that, he says, would remove an incitement toward labor protectionism, this non-Socialist at least remains doubtful.

Certainly labor protectionism endangers world peace, but labor's definition of "a decent job" involves costs which growing numbers of the world's would-be purchasers of products cannot pay. The arithmetic of "guaranteeing" such a job for every worker is considerably more complex than Harrington makes it sound. In fact, it's about as complex as the search for world peace itself. *Helen Bugbee*

The editors regret that space limitations prevent them from considering for publication letters of more than 250 words.

EDITORIALS

Protesting Too Much?

On August 27, the President caused to be released the latest version of the financial transactions surrounding his acquisition of various parcels of real estate in Key Biscayne, Fla., and San Clemente, Calif., together with the structures thereon, presently known as the "Southern White House" and the "Western White House." The current explanation varies considerably from the previous one, with respect both to the amounts involved and the sources of the money. For the first time officially, the name of C.G. "Bebe" Rebozo appears as one of those sources.

The statements made public were audited by the firm of Coopers & Lybrand, formerly known as Lybrand, Ross Brothers & Montgomery. The change of name occurred following the conviction of the general partner and two associates for distributing false financial statements and for mail fraud. The fact that the President, last December, gave unconditional pardons to all three proves, of course, nothing whatever as to the accuracy or completeness of the present statement. The most that can be said is that the selection of that particular firm—there are of course innumerable others of stature which the President could have chosen—simply adds to the appearance of possible deception.

It is a sorry day when the President of the United States has to explain—and re-explain—and bring in auditors to explain once again—his personal financial transactions. Granted there are many who, not without cause, have been led to suspect this particular President of various sorts of financial hanky-panky, if not outright wrongdoing. His gross insensitivity in the details of the current disclosure can only add to their numbers. He does, indeed, protest too much.

Defense: the '73 Debate

Later this year, perhaps toward the end of September, the Congress will debate the military budget, and some tough decisions will have to be made. Given the present crippled state of executive leadership, the legislators cannot expect much help from the Administration; on the other hand, they will be subjected to less pressure for increasing military spending.

Barring untoward developments, the debate will take place in a somewhat improved political atmosphere. Our prisoners of war have been repatriated and can no longer serve as Presidential pawns. The bombing of Laos and Cambodia will presumably have ended at last. The mystique of "national security" has lost some of its potency. Relations with the Soviet Union and China are almost amicable. There is hope for relaxation of tensions in Europe; and inflation is a sobering consideration.

Yet, despite palpable improvements in the international situation, defense costs have been increasing and will continue to increase unless resolute corrective measures are taken, *now*. The hypertrophied military establishment stands in the way of urgent necessities in every other

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sector of American life. A recent Brookings Institution study shows that there is no hope of new or expanded federal spending on domestic problems in this and the next two budget years without some combination of defense cuts and tax reform.

Recognition of these facts is no longer confined to liberals and others on the White House son-of-a-bitch list. Rep. George Mahon, the conservative Texas Democrat who runs the House Appropriations Committee and is a confirmed hawk, asks plaintively in *The Wall Street Journal*: "Why does peace cost more than war?" Rep. William Dickinson, a Republican member of the House Armed Services Committee, concludes that we can't afford war any more: "We can't afford the technology we're capable of developing."

The technology is one aspect of the problem, which in turn has two faces. The new weapons are so complex and so difficult to manufacture that they have become prohibitively expensive. To make matters worse, the Pentagon misuses them. Here again a voice from the Right confirms what sensible people have been saying since World War II. Barry Goldwater, no peacenik surely, complains: "We have four tactical air forces," that is, the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines cannot shoot up the enemy on the battlefield except in aircraft designed to their own specifications which, except possibly for the Navy's, have no significant difference in function. Goldwater concludes that a total inventory of such support aircraft could do for $5 billion what presently is costing the U.S. taxpayers $13 billion.

A General Accounting Office study, requested by the indefatigable Sen. William Proxmire, relates an acquisition nightmare. Listed in the July 16th *Congressional Record* (S 13521) are 116 weapons systems, the estimated cost of which, through completion, is more than $153 billion. Funds programmed through June 30, 1972 totaled more than $64 billion, leaving $89.9 billion yet to be appropriated for the purchase of these weapons. What has already been spent is used by the Pentagon as leverage for completion, which always costs far more than allowed for in earlier estimates. Proxmire's conclusion is unanswerable: "There is no way to reduce the defense budget or avoid busting all efforts to control federal spending unless tough decisions are made in the near future to trim the fat from the list of weapons."

As a body, the military have grown soft. Not among the enlisted men nor the company-grade officers nor the field-grade officers who are in charge of most of the fighting, but up on top there is more and more emphasis on perquisites and luxury. Again Proxmire gives facts and figures: e.g., the free travel all over the world provided by the Military Airlift Command is a scandal. At the Pentagon itself there are at least forty-five limousines on stand-by, complete with chauffeurs if requested, and if this taxi service is not fast enough, a fleet of sixty-two helicopters is available to get "distinguished visitors" (officers, both active and retired, of the rank of colonel and above) to the airports where, from that point on, MAC will provide baggage handling by military personnel, escorts through customs, on- and off-base ground transportation, guest house quarters at $3 to $5 a day, and all the amenities of officers' clubs.

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When it comes to the really big spending the Congress has the monumental Brookings Institution report, which suggests cutting defense by $25 billion, and the report of the Warnke group (most of whose members have held top jobs in the Pentagon), which proposes to cut the current Nixon 1974 budget by a modest $14 billion (*Congressional Record*, July 14, S 13469). With all this data, what Congress must do is take the bull by the horns:

¶With the aid of experts—its own and those cited—it must make a rational and nonpolitical determination of valid military needs.

¶It must sort out the existing and proposed weapons systems and eliminate the duplications and wild technology.

¶It must cut the fat from the military budget—the growing numbers of heavily bestarred officers in a smaller total force, the free travel largesse, the padding of military pay with fringe benefits, gratuitous flight pay, etc.

¶Domestic political support must be built by making clear to the taxpayers that only a fraction of defense spending goes for real defense.

Perhaps the new atmosphere will inject a note of realism that is desperately needed. If it does not emerge in the coming debate, it will be the fault of the Congress, not the executive.

Deep South Still

Much has been written and spoken about the new civil libertarian trend in the Deep South; most of it will no doubt turn out to be true. However, there are still some backward enclaves in the southeast where the social progress of blacks is stubbornly blocked by the ante-bellum attitudes of recalcitrant whites.

In Georgia's Camden County, two blacks have been killed in racially related incidents over the past twenty-one months. In December 1971 Eugene Robinson was shot seven times by segregationist Joseph "Red" Tyre at the Hi Hat Lounge and Package Store near Kingsland on U.S. highway 17. Tyre claimed that Robinson knocked him down behind the counter, went into the cash register and started out of the door of the package store, ignoring an order to halt. However Ben Butler, the black funeral home director who got Robinson's body, says he found Robinson lying in front of the lounge, not the package store, and that his pockets were empty. According to Butler, Robert McAfee, the only black actually to witness the shooting, says that Tyre stood near Robinson and shot him continuously while the latter was lying on the ground in front of the lounge. Speculation among blacks in Camden County is that the conflict probably started in the lounge when Robinson entered, demanded service and was refused on the basis of his color. A hearing was held but Butler and other black witnesses were not called to testify while McAfee wasn't even subpoenaed. Unfortunately, the truth may never be known now because McAfee drowned on August 21, while he was out fishing with his brother.

The most recent racial troubles in Camden County stem from the killing of Sylvester Lester by Georgia state troopers and sheriff's deputies in the same general area. The law officers who killed Lester say they were responding to a call from a white woman who claimed the victim was peeking through the window at her in her home in rural Camden County. They say Lester was shot and killed when they found him hiding behind some thin brush with a shiny wrist watch fixed on the end of a root so that it "looked like a derringer." No one has been prosecuted in either of these cases.

In response to the Lester killing, blacks, under the leadership of the local chapters of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the NAACP, organized an automobile caravan to Atlanta to protest against the manner in which blacks are treated in Camden County. In apparent retaliation for the caravan, Thiokol Chemical Co., which employed many of the participants, promptly dismissed one black worker and gave written reprimands to several others. Blacks in turn threw up picket lines around the company's premises and pulled nearly 90 per cent of its black workers off the job, forcing Thiokol into the courts to get an injunction against further picketing by SCLC. The injunction was granted but Thiokol's victory was short-lived. Joseph Hammonds, SCLC's national field director, arrived and in cooperation with Robert Cummings, president of the executive committees of both SCLC and the NAACP, acquired the services of C.B. King, the brilliant civil rights lawyer from Albany. In a dramatic courtroom performance, King succeeded in getting the court to lift the injunction and permit limited picketing.

However, the struggle of blacks for social equality in Camden County is far from over; it is only beginning. Blacks are systematically excluded from practically every high office in the county and are faced with a sheriff (Willie Smith) who has been in office for more than thirty years and is overtly antagonistic. As someone who spent his entire youth and teen-age life in Tift County, 100 miles or so to the north, I am keenly aware of the struggle that lies ahead for Camden County's blacks. Unless local officials are made to feel pressure from state and federal agencies, together with the moral indignation of the American national conscience, the civil libertarian trend that has reached my hometown and other parts of the Deep South may be deflected from Camden by the entrenched forces of 19th-century racialism which rule the county.

J.K. OBATALA

Politics and the FBI

J. Edgar Hoover is enjoying, posthumously, a very good press. Because he took exception—for the wrong reasons—to the Huston-Nixon-Ehrlichman plan for domestic political surveillance, he has become a kind of liberal folk hero. So it is fortunate—before this nonsense has assumed mythic proportions—that news summaries of two "explosive" memoranda written by W.C. Sullivan, a former assistant to Hoover, which were turned over to the Ervin committee by John Dean, have appeared in a number of newspapers.

The memos disclose what should have been widely known but wasn't, namely, that several Presidents from Roosevelt to Nixon used the FBI for strictly political reasons. The most flagrant misusers have been Presidents

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Johnson and Nixon. The Sullivan memos provide abundant documentation of the outrageous misuse of the FBI by LBJ. He ordered the agency into the Dominican Republic, where it had no business being, for strictly political reasons; he virtually dictated what it should say about his aide, Walter Jenkins, who had been arrested on a morals charge; and it sent agents to the Atlantic City convention of 1964 to spy on Robert Kennedy. Of Nixon's misuse, we know that Pat Gray destroyed files of great potential importance to possible criminal prosecutions and permitted John Dean to see FBI reports bearing on the Watergate cover-up. What the Sullivan memos do not sufficiently indicate is that, while Presidents have misused the FBI for political purposes, the late sainted J. Edgar Hoover had his own politics which he pursued with vigor and passion. For example, he consistently leaked reports to Sen. Joseph McCarthy for the purpose of keeping the latter's hearings alive, he tried his best to smear Martin Luther King, and he delighted in sending occupants of the White House "dirty and smutty" material about celebrities (the Presidents shown such material should have chewed Hoover out for submitting it but none did). The fact is that no halo should be placed above the bust of Hoover—if there is one—in the new FBI building. The late John Lord O'Brian, one of this country's most distinguished lawyers, said all that ever needs saying about Hoover. Shortly before his death, at age 98, Mr. O'Brian, who had given Hoover a job as an investigator which eventually led to his appointment to head the FBI, said "This is something I prefer to whisper in dark corners. It is one of the sins for which I have to atone" (*The New York Times*, April 11).

The question is, what should be done to keep the FBI out of politics? Needed are: a director committed to this end; an Attorney General who shares the same conviction; a President who will keep hands off; a Congressional oversight committee that will watch the FBI without seeking to use it. So much is obvious. But more is required. From Watergate we know that there are always, in an agency as large as the FBI, individuals who will do their duty if they can, as Mr. Sullivan's actions indicate. And one might also cite the anonymous FBI agents who, dismayed by what was happening, leaked stories about Watergate to the press. The problem is, how do we encourage such individuals to act both honorably and in the public interest?

In the last analysis, it is the sense of loyalty and responsibility of such individuals that provides the best hope of keeping the FBI out of politics. They have a professional sense of pride in the agency and in their work which, if strengthened, can be an assurance against clandestine wrongdoing and political hanky-panky. A former FBI agent—a man who served for some years at a high level of responsibility—has given us a suggestion. Somehow, he tells us, a way must be found by which the conscientious agent can communicate his misgivings about a particular assignment to someone above him without fear of losing his job. Admittedly the suggestion would be difficult to implement but it can be done.

What it involves is changing the institutional structure of the FBI in such a way that each agent, each employee, each officer is an entity with "an indestructible body of human rights that keeps him free to act in accordance with his instructive sense of justice" (we are quoting our informant). How to do this? Well, for starters, assure due process, and a full hearing, before discharges or transfers or demotions, and perhaps set up an ombudsman office within the agency to hear such matters. In any case, channels of communication should be established which will encourage the transmittal of the misgivings, doubts and reservations of agents about particular assignments to their superiors. Of course it is easier to give such advice than to apply it, but some such restructuring *within the agency* would go a long way toward keeping politics out of the FBI.

Let Them Eat What?

On page 207 of this issue, Richard Critchfield examines some of the problems involved in feeding a world whose population has been escalating in geometric progression, and also some of the stumbling blocks in the way of the heralded "Green Revolution." In addition to the burgeoning human race, climatic changes, the complexities of international trade, the frequently deleterious effects of American farm technology on agrarian societies, and the growing gap between rich countries and poor, there is, it appears, a peculiarly American, home-grown hurdle in the way of feeding the world.

James P. Sterba, in an article in *The New York Times* (August 27), points out that only a year ago wheat was selling at the depressed price of $1.17 a bushel and that Midwest growers were being pinched to the point of bankruptcy. The current market, however, is in the neighborhood of $4.35 per bushel—more than 370 per cent of the price a year ago. Naturally, then, in accord with the workings of our American capitalist system and the laws of a free-market economy, our grain elevators will soon be bursting, and the world market flooded with the largest harvest of U.S. wheat in history. Or so it would seem.

But the actuality is otherwise, according to report. For one thing, there is a severe shortage of tractors and farm implements; for another, storage facilities are full—and railroad cars to take the crop away are simply unavailable. Finally, despite the golden aura of unheard-of market prices, some farmers are simply not selling their crops. "I can't sell any more this year," said one. "Costs too much in taxes."

It would seem that nature poses enough severe problems: both human nature in overpopulating the earth, and inanimate nature in cutting down the food supply through storms, floods and drought. Now the country of incomparable wealth, noted for imaginative know-how, efficiency and productivity, faced with a clear market imperative, seems to be failing a rather basic test. The causes are of course complex and varied, ranging from long years of neglect of our railroads, to a seriously disordered economy, to the grossest failure of perception, planning and leadership at the top executive level of government, to sheer human greed. But the world is in no need of such alibis; they count for nothing. It is a sad history we are writing these days.

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ENOUGH OF THAT LIP

ROBERT PLANT

Geneva

The arrival at the factory of a gentleman from Kuwait with 3 million francs to buy 30,000 cut-price watches was the oddest twist in the bizarre affair of the Société Anonyme Lip of Besançon, France. The workers, who took over the plant in June, told him to go home. He was not a genuine watch dealer, they said.

Lip is France's largest watchmaking company, employing 1,300 persons. The factory, 40 miles from the Swiss border, has been producing high quality timepieces for more than 100 years. Today 43 per cent of the capital is held by a Swiss consortium, Ebauches of Neuchâtel, this being the maximum single foreign holding permitted by French law. I was informed on unimpeachable authority in Geneva that Ebauches in fact holds another 16 per cent through nominees, mostly Swiss banks.

For some time Lip has been in deep water. Production had declined from about 17,000 watches a week to 12,000 when two years ago the board asked France's Institut de Développement Industriel for an appraisal. In a confidential report IDI diagnosed bad management and recommended drastic measures—among other things, it is said, the axing of some 500 workers. Ebauches concurred.

Things dragged on until last April, when managing director Jacques Saintesprit finally threw in his hand. The Tribunal de Commerce de Besançon put in two provisional "administrators" to carry the baby. After looking at the ailing offspring's teeth the foster parents announced there could be no assurance of paid employment after June 10. The Lip workers thereupon marched through the town in a mammoth demonstration culminating in the occupation of the factory. On June 19 they set the machines in motion again, and two days later they started marketing the watches. They also seized stocks believed to total 50,000 watches, which they have hidden and are holding, they say, as a bargaining counter.

I asked an official of the International Metalworkers' Federation in Geneva if I could drive over to Besançon and buy a Lip watch. "Yes," he said, "but not two watches." One of the five committees set up by the workers to manage the enterprise is a sales commission. Watches are sold at about 40 per cent below list prices to bona-fide dealers and to other customers if the commission is satisfied there will be no resale. Hence the rebuff to Kuwait's Mr. Mohammed Saatchi. One of the first outlets was the French Socialist Party's annual congress. A stand was set up at which the delegates paid their money and took away a watch. Later, the Communist Party, not to be outdone but not really happy about a working-class initiative for which it could not claim credit, also set up a stand. The first watch made under the workers' management was presented to the Mayor of Besançon and one of the early individual customers was the district judge. If it does come to a prosecution, then, the ringleaders will be in distinguished company, and may even be tried by a chief magistrate wearing one of the timepieces in question. They may also receive an archiepiscopal benediction. Everybody in France "knows" that the purloined stocks are hidden with Monseigneur Lallier, Archbishop of Besançon. The major union involved is an affiliate of the Church-oriented CFDT.

The International Metalworkers brought together the union in question and its Swiss counterpart at a meeting in Bern, where a solidarity statement was issued and an agreement reached for common action if the need arose. When I discussed the Lip affair with Karl Casserini of the IMF he had just come back from Germany, where he had obtained the signature of Industrie-Gewerkschaft Metall to the document. The German union had also agreed to chip in some solid Deutschemarke if money was required. The sum is not for publication, but I was told it could be described as "adequate." Since Gewerkschaft Metall is the world's biggest labor union, with 2.3 million members I am sure it could.

When a Mr. Goldscheider from the United States turned up with an offer to buy Lip, IMF told its American affiliates (UAW, IAM, IUE, Steel, IBEW, IUM) what was going on, but otherwise the Americans have not been drawn in. The bid failed. The British stockbroking firm Vickers da Costa also put in a bid, which also was spurned. The Anglo-Saxon invasion, obviously, only added foreign insult to foreign injury. The Tribunal de Commerce is evidently waiting for a well-lined Joan of Arc to appear, but French capital clearly enjoys disappearing down drains no more than Swiss capital. In a curious decision, the Tribunal at last declared Lip bankrupt, but authorized continued production (by whom?) the rest of the year.

There is no doubt that nationalist feeling is complicating the affair. After the bankruptcy ruling, the workers' committee wrote to President Pompidou urging him to intervene. "Nothing would justify a withdrawal by the French Government, whose responsibility is directly involved," they said. The word *(dérobade)* was a bit stronger than *withdrawal*. It suggests, rather, sneaking away in the face of the enemy.

The government, however, appears to have had enough of Lip's lip. All the world now knows how 3,000 steel-helmeted *flics* surrounded the factory before dawn on August 14, to bring the two-months'-old occupation to an end. They have not, however, recovered the sequestered timepieces, perhaps because they too are good Catholics. The attack followed the rejection of compromise proposals put forward by Jean Charbonnel, minister for industrial and scientific development.

Within hours the Mayor, who is a veteran Socialist of the Léon Blum era, was addressing a crowd of 10,000 angry sympathizers. François Mitterrand and other national leaders have bitterly condemned the authorities' use of force. As I write, reports of street violence are coming in daily. Is it the end, or only the beginning? □

Robert Plant, a native of Uganda, was once editor in chief of a newspaper group in that country. He is now a free lance in Geneva, writing on Africa and labor.

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Watergate: Surreptitious Entry

HERBERT S. LEVINE

In 1969 and 1970, it was considered good political form among radicals to suggest, with forceful slogans, that Nixon and friends were Fascists engaged in re-creating Hitler's Third Reich. President Johnson had already been tarred with the same brush, and "Fascist pig" became an all-purpose political epithet on the radical Left. The increasing political use of the "Nazi-Fascist" analogy coincided with a new scholarly interest in the nature of European fascism, sparked in part by German Prof. Ernst Nolte's provocative *Three Faces of Fascism*. Most historians interested in fascism (with a few Marxist exceptions) specifically denied that the term "Fascist" could be applied to contemporary America, or to any country after 1945. Established scholars and young radicals were too often on the opposite sides of the campus barricades of the late 1960s. Those scholars who were ready to apply the concept of fascism to contemporary events therefore tended to suggest that modern fascism, if it existed at all, was to be found primarily on the violent Left. For a time this notion became the editorial policy of *The New York Times*, and was given prestigious approval by prominent scholars. For these reasons, radical political activists found little of interest in the scholarly debate on the nature of fascism. There was an additional problem. The concepts developed by Nolte and those who followed him were too cumbersome for ordinary political use. As was pointed out at the convention of the American Historical Association in December 1970, one could not very well get up at a political meeting and call someone a "utopian antimodernist pig."

The use of the Nazi-Fascist analogy to describe the American political system was therefore restricted almost entirely to the radical Left, and never developed beyond the level of sloganeering. Radicals began to apply the label "Fascist" to anyone and anything of which they disapproved, including the liberal establishment, and their use of the term became one of the marks of their isolation from American liberalism. In my articles in *The Nation* in the spring of 1970 ("Dissent or Anarchy: Common Front at Buffalo," May 4; and "Polarization: The Weimar Analogy," June 8) I attempted to remedy this situation by redefining "fascism" in a somewhat novel manner, in the faint hope of creating a bridge between liberals and radicals in place of the barrier that had grown up. The attempt was a political failure, as were all such attempts. Powerful psychological forces were at work here. Fascism, particularly in its Nazi incarnation, had taken on a mythlike character in the minds of older American liberals. Hitler was the devil of their youth, an absolute standard of evil next to which all other evils would inevitably fall short. To suggest that Nixon was in any way equivalent to Hitler was to demand total opposition to him, regardless of risks. It was to suggest that the liberal establishment was mistaken in believing that the major threat to its existence came from the Left, and to insist that the only proper course of action was a united front of liberals and radicals against the monster in the White House. The liberal establishment in 1970 was simply not ready for this kind of commitment, no more than its German counterpart had been ready in 1933. The Fascist analogy remained the exclusive property of the radical movement, and lost its visibility when relative calm returned to the campus.

The political situation has changed drastically since 1970. The same critics of campus life who once denounced left-wing violence are now bemoaning the resurgence of frisbees and fraternities. There is no longer a "threat" from the Left, so far as liberals are concerned. The persecuted remnants of the radical host are regarded with sympathy and pity, not fear. This change of mood has been crystallized by the revelations summed up in that protean word "Watergate." Once again, the charge of "fascism" has been leveled against the Nixon Administration.

Last February, Norman Mailer suggested that America "may be sliding toward a kind of totalitarianism of the most advanced, subtle, and civilized sort." He proposed the establishment of a "Fifth Estate," an institute that would be dedicated to uncovering evidence of totalitarian conspiracies in Washington. The reaction to his proposal among the liberal-literary set was a kind of embarrassed titter. Mailer's notions were seen as yet another expression of that unconventional gentleman's self-confessed paranoia. Thanks to Watergate, many of those who scoffed are now prepared to admit that Mailer was right after all (Frank Crowther, "Mailer's 5th Estate: Who's Paranoid Now?" *The Village Voice*, July 12, 1973). In recent weeks, loose comparisons of Nixonism and Nazism have become commonplace in the nation's syndicated columns, and in letters to the editor from outraged citizens. On August 9, the mother of Jeff Miller, one of the Kent State victims, appeared on the *Dick Cavett Show* to explain why she asked Attorney General Richardson to reopen the Justice Department investigation of the 1970 massacre. A person with no previous record of political involvement, she explained her action in part by referring to Watergate. But the real origin of her impulse, she said, was a recent visit to the Anne Frank house in Amsterdam. The inference was clear. She regarded the murder of her son and the Watergate revelations as symptoms of an American revival of the European horrors of a past generation.

Since the Hitler-Nixon comparison, and other forms of the Fascist analogy, have again become current, a re-

Herbert Levine is a historian of German National Socialism and the author of Hitler's Free City: A History of the Nazi Party in Danzig, 1925-39 *(University of Chicago Press). He is currently a Senior Research Fellow at Columbia University's Institute on East Central Europe.*

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newed attempt to examine their validity is in order. Otherwise, they will remain empty and useless slogans. The task is, frankly, rather easier now than it was in 1970, thanks to the further development of Nixon's political style. There is now no need to begin with theoretical examinations of an abstract concept of fascism, or to emphasize the differences between Nixon and Hitler. Now, we may begin with the similarities.

Any discussion of fascism must acknowledge that Fascist political success is intimately connected with the attempt of an economic elite to maximize profits while avoiding the revolt of the disadvantaged. To be sure, Hitler was not a "puppet" of big business, as some early Marxist commentators contended. Neither is Nixon. But the investigations spurred by the Soviet grain deal have demonstrated that the Nixon Administration is bound up with major business interests to a remarkable extent. This should have been clear enough given the outrageously slack and discriminatory administration of so-called economic "controls." Both Nixon and Hitler, faced with manifest economic distress, instituted controlled economies that were allegedly intended to help "the little man" (in Nazi parlance), but that in fact did nothing more than assure monopolistic control over the economy, driving "the little man" out of business while ramming higher prices down the throat of the consumer. In both cases, we are dealing with a symbiotic relationship between government and business, a matter of mutual support. And just as the Nazis were able to pressure ungrateful businessmen into coughing up funds and favors (a specialty of Himmler and Goering), so Nixon's agents have been able to extort campaign contributions from large corporations.

But a close connection between government and business, and the attendant corruption, is hardly a unique phenomenon in American history. By itself, it would not justify a charge of fascism. Far more important is the major technique of Fascist propaganda, the discovery of irrelevant enemies. The Fascist diverts attention from economic malfunctions by blaming them on certain groups isolated from the general population. These groups are then burdened with guilt for all dissatisfactions created by modern society—everything from technological dislocation, through the decline of traditional morality, to the unintelligibility of modern art. Here, Hitler had an easier time of it. German anti-communism and anti-Semitism provided him with readily accepted enemies, against whom the German public could be mobilized. On the other hand, American anti-communism, though by no means dead, ran its course during the McCarthy era. Communism has simply been around too long, and its political impotence in America has been too obviously demonstrated. Most Americans can no longer be mobilized effectively by the fear of communism. Racism may be a bit more promising, and implicit racist tactics were in fact used by the Nixon Administration, but strong American traditions and the established practice of a decade of government support of black civil rights worked against any explicitly anti-black hatemongering.

The first part of Nixon's tenure was therefore occupied by a search for suitable enemies. Nixon, working through the then very vocal Agnew and Mitchell, concentrated on "crime in the streets" (a kind of substitute racism) and violent, pot-smoking, long-haired, left-wing students (a substitute both for anti-communism and racism). The figure of the "hippie" was developed into a stereotypic myth, not unlike Hitler's Jew myth. Both myth figures had in common beards, sexual licentiousness, and a nihilistic urge to destroy the values of Western civilization. Against these monsters, both Nixon and Hitler portrayed themselves as champions of morality, fighting pornography, abortion and general moral decay.

The initial search for enemies failed, as the elections of 1970 indicated. The American people were far too concerned with the facts of economic distress to be misled in their totality by these irrelevant appeals. The Democrats weakened Nixon's case by talking as tough as the Republicans. After all, nobody *approved* of crime in the streets. The student enemy was unsuitable, since Nixon and company were asking Americans to hate their own children, and at a time when four white, middle-class students had been gunned down in cold blood and the campuses had become rather quiet. Had the elections of 1970 been an unqualified Nixon success, we might have expected more rhetoric along earlier lines. Since the appeal did not work as well as had been hoped, and since the radical enemy was becoming increasingly less visible, more subtle techniques had to be developed. Most important was the fact that Nixon's offensive against the news media had not succeeded in destroying the American free press. The President could not therefore rely on appeals against a mythical enemy, as Hitler could. He was forced, in a sense, to go underground, with results that are only now surfacing. We shall return to this point later.

Nixon's attempts to manipulate "enemies" in a Hitlerian manner were thus not particularly successful. Much more fruitful were his excursions into foreign policy. Here, the similarities with Hitler's techniques are particularly striking. As early as 1927, Hitler indicated that he was prepared to break away from traditional right-wing concepts of German foreign policy. He began his rule in 1933 with startling appeals for peace and understanding that took his domestic and foreign critics completely by surprise. These appeals were followed up by foreign policy moves no previous German government would have dared to undertake—the ten-year pact with Poland in January 1934, the naval agreement with Britain in June 1935, the gradual détente with Germany's old enemy Mussolini, and finally the Nazi-Soviet Pact of August 1939. As for Nixon, he campaigned on a promise that "confrontation" would be replaced by "negotiation." True to his word, he achieved détentes with both the Soviet Union and China. The President's actions were more than simple publicity stunts. They were intended to pull the rug out from under left-wing critics by doing precisely what the latter had been advocating, and precisely what Nixon would have criticized had an earlier administration managed to pull it off. The technique was rather eerily forecast in Gore Vidal's play ***The Best Man***, in which the Nixon figure attempts to win the support of the Stevenson stand-in by promising to recognize Red China.

Both Nixon and Hitler disdained to use the tradi-

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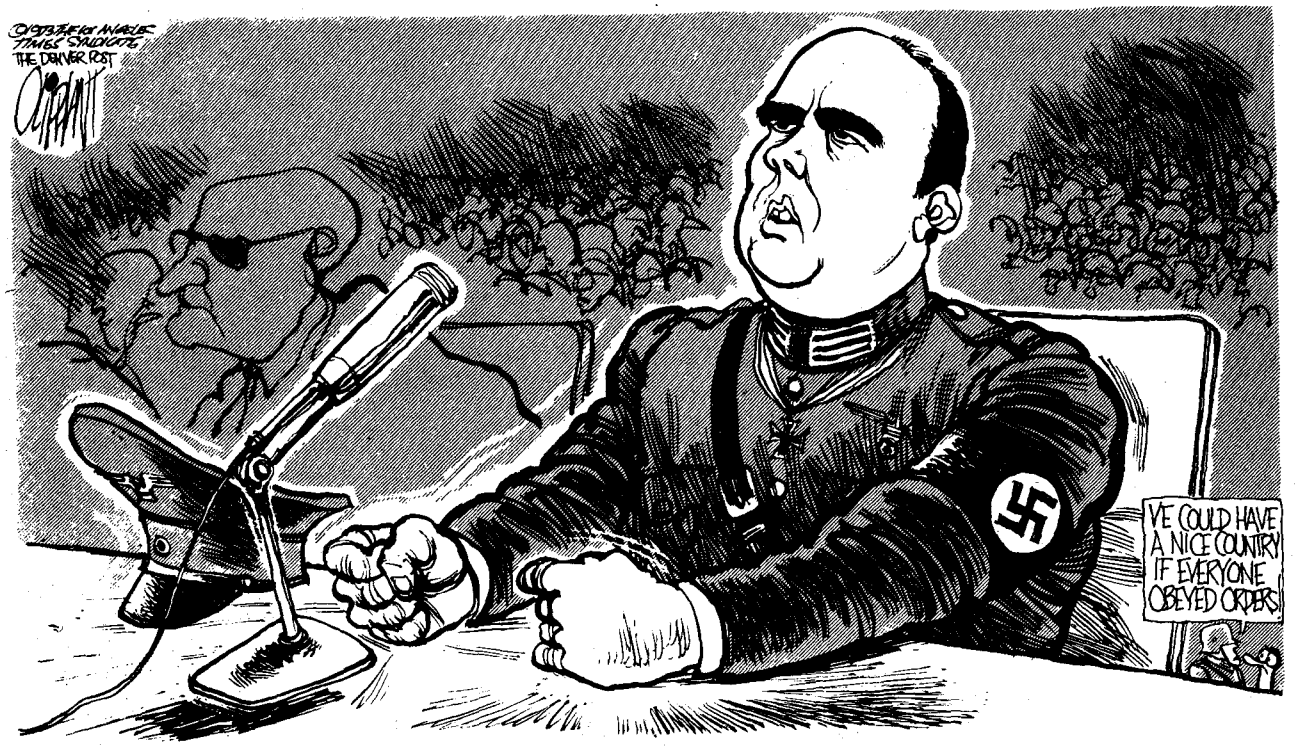

"We Were Only Obeying Orders. . . ."

tional channels of diplomacy to achieve their international successes. Instead, they preferred to use the widely publicized services of colorful individuals understood to be their personal agents. This should in no way be interpreted as a personal comparison of Henry Kissinger with Joachim von Ribbentrop, who headed a special foreign policy bureau for Hitler until his appointment as foreign minister in 1938. Ribbentrop was a blithering idiot who enjoyed some remarkable strokes of luck. Kissinger is obviously in a completely different class. Nor should the comparison be understood as an attack on the intrinsic merits of Kissinger's work. What is significant is the use made of that work. In both cases, the impression was created that the national leader had a magical control over foreign affairs. Left-wing critics were disarmed, and the attention of the domestic constituency was diverted from economic problems by glamorous international events.

Both Hitler and Nixon consistently emphasized the role of military power as a guarantee of peace; the notion of "negotiating from strength." Aggression was never glorified, nor even acknowledged. Aggressive actions were described as defensive reactions intended to achieve international respect, thus assuring that the international situation would not lead to general war. Both the invasions of Cambodia and of Poland were described as moderate defensive reactions in the face of intolerable provocation. The real facts of the military and political situation were of course kept from the public. It is vital here to note that Hitler's foreign policy never aimed at a world war, but only at smaller conflicts that would eventually assure Germany's place in a world balance of power. Hitler imagined a world governed by certain great powers, in particular Germany, Britain, Italy and Japan, each with its own sphere of influence. World domination for Germany occupied only a distant place in his vision of the future, and was more in the nature of an occasional dream than a goal of immediate policy.

We have established certain similarities of policy between Nixon and Hitler. There are similarities of personality as well, although it is no easy matter to pin down the personality of either man. Both men seem to have been obsessed with an idea of their historic mission, with a strong consciousness of their role as memorable historical figures. Hitler had court historians record his conversational ramblings, to insure that future historians would have adequate material. Nixon used tape recordings for the same purpose. Both men loved ceremony and emphasized its political uses while enjoying it for its own sake. Both men wrote political autobiographies that stressed "struggle" and "crisis," and emphasized the strength of their will as the key to their success and as the most important gift they had to offer their nations. Both men refused to tolerate criticism, and surrounded themselves with yes men, relegating those of independent mind to the political wilderness. Both attempted to construct for themselves isolated worlds in which there were no problems, no disagreements and no contact with the public other than the most carefully staged. Both loved physical isolation in specially prepared retreats that lent themselves to a remote, unrealistic and thoroughly managed mode of conducting business. Both are reported to have fallen into rages when their screens were pierced, by a few Germans who failed to cheer when tanks rolled by on parade, or by a lone picket with a large sign walking in Lafayette Park. Both cultivated a sense of righteousness, coupled with a strong sense of being wronged by an unappreciative nation.

The similarities of policy and personality are striking

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enough, but are they significant, or merely superficial coincidences? We must go back now to the period just after the elections of November 1970, that had demonstrated the partial failure of Nixon's search for appropriate enemies. Why had this initiative failed? What was missing in America was a *Fascist movement*, of the sort that Hitler had used to channel his political message to the German people. The reasons for the failure of an American Fascist movement to develop are far too complicated to be dealt with here. Suffice it to say that the American constitutional tradition provides certain institutional safeguards against extremist movements of all sorts. These safeguards were largely missing in Germany and Italy after World War I. The lack of a Fascist movement has led many political observers to conclude that fascism itself is impossible in America. It may be argued that the possibly Fascist nature of Nixon's political program is irrelevant, since without the self-contained, self-sustaining force of a movement, he was unable to mobilize the American people. This argument is invalid.

The varieties of European fascism in the interwar period were many. There is no need to demand that a contemporary political system mirror precisely either the Third Reich or any other Fascist state before we consent to the label "Fascist." There is equally no need to insist on overwhelming success. Many Fascist politicians were clumsy, grotesque failures. In 1970 Nixon was a failure, measured by the standards of Hitler and Mussolini. But the President developed a substitute for the missing mass movement, just as some Fascist failures relied on a German alliance. It is this substitute that Norman Mailer characterized as "a kind of totalitarianism of the most advanced, subtle, and civilized sort." It is this substitute now normally described in more derogatory terms, that the still incomplete Watergate investigations have uncovered. We now know that, beginning in 1971, the White House developed a systematic technique for spying on and discrediting opposition, and for rigging the 1972 elections.

There may be a temptation to regard Nixon's "dirty tricks" as just that, and nothing more. This would be a major mistake. The testimony of the unrepentant Watergate witnesses, from the pathetic Bernard Barker through the arrogant John Ehrlichman, have made it plain that they regarded themselves as part of an idealistic and soldierly campaign to save the nation from subversive forces. Their ideological consistency, their labeling of enemies, their self-righteous belief in their own mission, their impassioned insistence that their ends justified all means are at least as impressive as anything the Nazis produced. Their defense is full of echoes of Hitler's 1924 trial after the Munich *Putsch*. Equally remarkable is the loyalty of most of them to their leader, the man who formed the center of their political universe.

Most significant is the testimony of John Ehrlichman. The Senators rightly concentrated on Ehrlichman's position on the burglary of the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, Dr. Fielding. Ehrlichman, while denying that he or Nixon had specifically approved the burglary, agreed that a "covert operation" had been approved. Shockingly, he insisted that the burglary itself was legal. Pressed by questioners, he maintained that, under certain conditions, it might have been legal to have held a gun against Dr. Fielding's head. Ehrlichman's attorney, John Wilson, went so far as to suggest that, in the right circumstances, even homicide might have been justified. The Ehrlichman-Wilson reasoning was based on an extreme interpretation of the President's supposed inherent right and obligation, under the Constitution, to do anything he feels is necessary to protect the national security. Acts of Congress dealing with national security matters were cited as supplements to this position.

In March of 1933, the German Reichstag passed a "Law for the Relief of the Distress of People and State," better known as the enabling act. This law empowered Hitler to rule by decree, limited, in practical effect, only by his personal understanding of the needs of the German people. If Ehrlichman's interpretation of the President's powers to preserve national security is accepted, it can mean only that, unknown to people and Congress, there exists an American enabling act. In the absence of any evidence to the contrary, it must be assumed that this is Nixon's view. All his actions support this contention.

It would therefore appear that Nixon, thwarted in his initial head-on effort to win total control of the American political machinery, adopted a back-door approach to the subversion of the Constitution. That document was well on its way to becoming a dead letter when a night watchman chanced to discover a taped door lock. Hitler destroyed the Weimar Constitution openly. Nixon attempted to perform a similar feat in secret. Were it not for the arrest of "the men who almost stole America," as Senator Weicker so eloquently put it, there is no telling how far the White House would have been able to go before being effectively resisted.

This is frightening enough, but is it fascism? Yes, most definitely. The only ingredients that even appear to be missing in Nixon's political technique are anti-Semitism or some other form of explicit racism, and a mass Fascist movement. But anti-Semitism was completely absent from Mussolini's fascism until after his alliance with Hitler. Italian Fascist racism, such as it was, expressed itself in foreign wars. Anti-Semitism came into Nazism only as a particular heritage from the Central European radical Right. As for mass movements, there is no doubt that they played a vital role in European fascism between the wars, but it is worth remembering that neither Hitler nor Mussolini (nor Franco nor any other lesser Fascist or "semi-Fascist" leader) was actually catapulted into power solely on the basis of mass leadership. In all cases, complicated and rather conventional back-room political deals provided the final opportunity for a seizure of power. Control over masses of disciplined followers was only one factor among many. In the case of Hitler, and in those of Mussolini and Franco as well, the seizure of power was followed by the political downgrading of the movement itself, even though the latter may have expanded numerically. These leaders preferred to rely on the ordinary machinery of state, on the military and the government departments, effectively coordinated by specially appointed agents. Hitler's use of the German Government for "dirty tricks" differed only in degree from Nixon's use of the executive branch. There is no discernible difference in kind. □

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ATLANTIC OFFSHORE OIL

PREPARING TO TAKE THE PLUNGE

PETER J. BERNSTEIN

A perilous gamble with the sea is beginning on the mineral-rich Atlantic continental shelf.

Beneath thousands of square miles of wind-swept ocean off the coast from Maine to Florida—a region endowed with some of the world's most productive fishing grounds and rugged natural beauty—marine geologists are scanning the bottom for signs of lucrative oil and gas deposits in anticipation of large-scale production.

The impetus for this intensified search was provided four months ago when the United States Geological Survey, acting in tandem with White House energy officials, disclosed that massive sedimentary deposits on the continental shelf just off Long Island and New Jersey were at least twice as extensive as any previously known in the area —and equal in fact to findings off Texas and Louisiana. The survey noted that one formation has "much in common geologically" with the world's largest oil field, at Ghawar in Saudi Arabia.

As yet, no drilling has been permitted. But government geologists, using special seismic equipment to estimate the depth of sedimentary deposits, have placed the commercially exploitable reserves along the entire length of the continental shelf at 30 billion to 42 billion barrels of oil, 5 billion to 6 billion barrels of liquid natural gas and 183 trillion to 211 trillion cubic feet of natural gas.

No one, either in government or the petroleum industry, will hazard a guess as to when production might begin. That decision is up to the White House. But there is certainty among those involved in offshore production that the government's timetable for leasing oil and gas drilling rights will be speeded up to deal with the worsening energy shortage across the country.

South Carolina Sen. Ernest F. Hollings was not accused of alarmism when he warned that what's happening constitutes an extraordinary risk. "Offshore drilling," he declared, "will have an impact for the rest of our lives on the ocean environment, fishing resources, and the recreation rights of all Americans."

Deep-sea drilling, in the view of many ocean experts, poses problems of potentially enormous magnitude: topographic and environmental upheavals from oil spills and chemical wastes in a sea already seriously contaminated by indiscriminate dumping.

Nor is drilling the only hazard. There is concern among conservationists over the despoliation of the land likely to result from a wide range of ancillary oil facilities which would appear in dramatic fashion up and down the coast: offshore ports for supertankers, refineries, petrochemical plants, pipelines, sludge pits and oil and gas tank farms.

If the oil companies have their way (and there are signs that they might), not only will coastal waters be degraded but some of the most valuable and vulnerable shoreline in the world—bluffs and dunes, salt marshes, sandy beaches—will be irretrievably lost in the next few years, filled in, built upon, polluted and otherwise eroded by man.

Starting in mid-September, the President's Council on Environmental Quality (CEQ) opens the first of a series of public hearings on Atlantic offshore drilling. The hearings are the first to be held by CEQ since its creation as a Presidential advisory group in 1970. They are planned for five cities—Washington (September 12 and 13); Boston (September 18 and 19); Mineola, L.I. (October 3 and 4); Philadelphia (October 11 and 12) and Jacksonville (October 17 and 18). The hearings are certain to touch off a confrontation between conservationists and fishermen on the one hand and the Administration and the oil industry on the other.

Already, oil companies like Exxon, Mobil and Shell are pressing ahead with a multimillion-dollar advertising campaign to soften up the resistance to offshore drilling and gain the edge. The Administration's role in this has been surfacing, bit by bit, for four months. One need have only a passing knowledge of White House pandering to the oil interests to appreciate the thoughts of huge profits in the heads of at least some oil executives following Nixon's energy message to Congress last spring.

The message contained all sorts of benefits for oil and gas interests, ranging from tax concessions to government aid in planning and developing offshore ports for supertankers. But the biggest plums went to the deep-sea drillers, notably the wildcatters who operate in the Gulf of Mexico and off the California coast and who are itching to open up new fields off Cape Cod, Long Island and elsewhere along the Atlantic edge.

To stimulate more drilling, Nixon deregulated the price of natural gas at the wellhead and terminated price controls for most other gas supplies. And as an additional incentive, he called on Congress to increase tax credits for petroleum companies involved in developing new offshore wells.

In his message, Nixon went out of his way to avoid any appearance of acting with haste on Atlantic drilling. He offered assurances that no drilling would be undertaken "until its environmental impact is determined." The Geological Survey's plan to conduct preliminary test borings on the ocean floor this summer were canceled, and Nixon shifted the responsibility for preparing an environmental study of offshore drilling from the industry-dominated Interior Department to his own Council on Environmental Quality. In so doing, he directed CEQ to conduct a one-year study to find out if oil and gas deposits could be pulled from the bottom of the sea economically without unreasonable damage to the environment. Seven other federal agencies, and the National

Peter Bernstein is national environment correspondent for the Newhouse newspapers.

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Academy of Sciences, agreed to contribute to the study.

Nixon, in authorizing the study, reminded CEQ that environmental considerations would have to be weighed against "the critical needs of all Americans for new energy supplies." Similar words came from him when, earlier this year, he called for construction of the Alaska pipeline despite a government study that warned of its potentially adverse impact on the environment. Like the pipeline battle, Atlantic drilling is emerging as a constitutional as well as a political test for the Administration.

Still to be resolved is a suit, filed by some thirteen Eastern states including New York, in which the states are seeking jurisdiction over mineral rights up to 200 miles from the shoreline. Should the states win (Governor Rockefeller is on record as favoring Atlantic drilling), they conceivably could go ahead on their own and lease offshore lands to oil interests—a possibility deeply disturbing to Long Island and New Jersey officials. On Long Island, where there is considerable anti-oil sentiment, Suffolk County executive John Klein warned: "If it comes to a contest between offshore oil drilling and cars running out of gas, then cars are just going to have to run out of gas."

While the upcoming hearings are aimed at getting as wide an audience as possible (Californians still recall with bitterness that no hearings of any kind were held before offshore drilling covered Santa Barbara beaches with stinking black goo), few citizens unaffiliated with some sort of organization are likely to get an opportunity to testify. The prime time is certain to go to the petroleum industry, chambers of commerce, members of Congress, local politicians and lawyers for both sides.

The responsibility for presiding at the hearings has been given to a former Pentagon official, John A. Busterud, who became acting chairman of CEQ after Russell Train left to become head of the Environmental Protection Agency. Little is known about Busterud, who had the title of deputy assistant secretary for environmental affairs at the Defense Department. He has remained virtually invisible since his appointment to the CEQ post last spring.

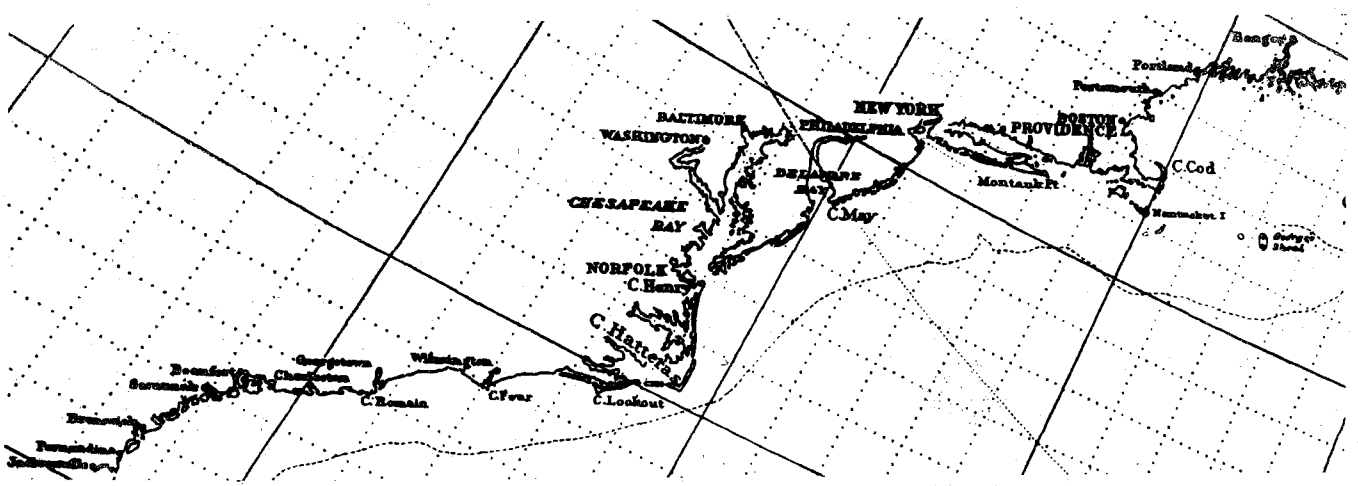
Meantime, the CEQ staff presses ahead with the offshore study and expects to have major portions completed by the end of this year—some four months ahead of schedule. According to Dr. Stephen J. Gage, a nuclear scientist who is coordinating the study, no basic research or field work along the Atlantic Coast will be done. The council, he said, is depending largely on a research team at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to measure the impact, through the use of computers, of oil spills and other environmentally disruptive effects of drilling at various points along the coast. Data for the computer analysis will come from information sources already available at federal and state agencies and sea grant colleges, Gage said.

For these simulated studies, CEQ has selected fourteen regions off the coast where oil and gas drilling is most likely to take place. The choices are quite revealing, since these are the areas where industry pressure is greatest. Seen on a map, the oil-rich regions extend like a string of pearls down the coast, starting from the Georges Bank fishing grounds 50 miles northeast of Cape Cod and stretching past Montauk and Cape Hatteras to within 10 miles of the Florida coast. (The oil industry claims none of the drilling rigs would be visible from shore.) Four of the regions are within Georges Bank; five sit in a segment of the continental shelf called the Baltimore canyon trough that extends 50 miles off the coast from Montauk and Sandy Hook south to Cape Hatteras; one region is off Charleston, S.C., and four are within the Georgia Embayment off the Florida coast from Jacksonville to Cape Kennedy.

The American Petroleum Institute, chief lobbying and public relations arm of the oil industry, claims that oil companies are making rapid strides in developing safer and more efficient drilling equipment. "We can't guarantee there won't be any accidents," Wilson Laird, director of API's Oil Exploration Division, has said. "But the drilling will be a lot safer than it has been in the past."

Just how safe is the real question. A recent report by a special panel of the National Academy of Engineering, headed by Dr. George F. Mechlin, vice president of the Westinghouse Corp., warned that offshore accidents can never be completely eliminated, and that "depending on the nature of the incident, a moderate and controllable oil spill incident can develop, through cascading effects, into an uncontrollable massive intrusion into the environment."

According to the Mechlin panel the Geological Survey does virtually no research to provide safer drilling



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equipment, nor does it issue criteria for performance standards. The work is done by the oil industry, with no systematic mechanism to insure that the government can obtain information about the results of research so that it can be utilized in safety regulation. Major gaps exist in the enforcement of federal standards for key safety devices such as down-hole chokes and valves. The problem, according to a study by the General Accounting Office, is a severe shortage of federal inspectors.

For anyone who has visited offshore drilling rigs, as this writer did in the Gulf of Mexico not long ago, there isn't a drop of oil to be seen during drilling operations. The platforms are spotless, the equipment freshly painted and polished. But hovering over the drilling rigs in a helicopter late in the day, as the sun dipped toward the horizon, one could see five good-sized spills, including a spill that seemed to stretch for miles. The oil executives from Shell and Continental who took me on the tour were clearly embarrassed and about the only thing they could say is that they had never seen so many slicks at one time.

So far, the oil industry has gotten its way in the Gulf without having to worry about occasional criticism. But the same public-be-damned attitude won't work on the Atlantic Coast, as S. David Freeman, former energy adviser to President Nixon and now head of a Ford Foundation study on energy policy, made abundantly clear. Freeman stunned the oil industry when he warned recently that drilling in the Atlantic would "certainly signal a major retreat for our environmental ethic." He called the Administration's efforts to promote Atlantic drilling a continuation of the "drain America first" policy: speed ahead with a wasteful pattern of energy consumption, and with higher prices and more pollution.

For their part, fishermen up and down the coast face the greatest hazard. Plagued by the scourge of mechanized foreign fleets, "red tide" losses and oil-clogged nets, the New England fishing industry, in particular, says it could not withstand any additional burden. "The oil people have a way of cutting corners," said Hugh O'Rourke, executive director of the Massachusetts Seafood Council. "They haven't done a very good policing job, and of course we're concerned about a spill like the one in Santa Barbara hitting our fishing banks. Hell, we'd be out of business for a year."

The real environmental damage, warns Bostwick H. Ketchum, associate director of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, will come not from the occasional spectacular spill out at sea, but from day-to-day chronic leaks from pipeline breaks, oil transfer equipment and other ancillary oil facilities near shore. Tests conducted at Woods Hole and nearby Falmouth Harbor have produced evidence that heavy crude oil can disrupt the life cycles of marine creatures with carcinogenic effects. Ketchum, regarded as one of the nation's foremost marine biologists, estimated that oil pollution from all sources—tankers, drilling, refineries and waste-oil runoff—has reached the point where, if evenly spread across the world's oceans, would produce a "visible slick" half a micron thick.

Oil companies that do a lot of offshore drilling are fond of pointing out that drilling accounts for only a small fraction—roughly 5 per cent—of the 2 million metric tons of oil that wind up in the sea every year. But the truth is that drilling, combined with pipelines and the related ancillary facilities on land, generates a lot more pollution than the statistics show.

And, with one source of pollution leading to another, before you know it, environmentalists say, there will be those mammoth seagoing tankers weighing as much as 500,000 deadweight tons unloading oil along the coast. With just such tankers in mind, the Administration is asking Congress for authority to develop huge offshore platforms, or "superports," from 3 to 30 miles at sea. The reason simply stated is: not a single East Coast or Gulf Coast port can accommodate any of the world's 400 supertankers or 300 more under construction. Concerned about the potential for oil spills, Atlantic Coast states regard the monster-sized tankers with almost universal dread. But oil interests maintain that supertankers are fast becoming the only economically feasible means for carrying oil long distances, and with America's fuel imports growing at an astronomical rate, the question is not whether the big ships will be used but at which ports.

The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers recently selected a site 13 miles off Long Branch, N.J., not far from the most heavily used beaches and resort areas along the Atlantic, for a superport. Outraged, virtually every New Jersey politician from Gov. William T. Cahill on down has pledged to fight superport construction. Some New Jerseyites now want to adopt Delaware's ironclad ban against heavy industry along their own coast.

The oil industry is by no means the only commercial group with its eye on the Atlantic shelf. Some ocean scientists are convinced that sand and gravel operators pose a greater threat than offshore drilling operations to marine life, particularly oysters and other sedentary shellfish whose undersea habitats are being destroyed.

And, much to the anger of conservationists, a ship owned by billionaire Howard Hughes is scooping up the shelf's huge mineral deposits. While nations are meeting in Geneva, under United Nations auspices, to determine ownership of sea-bed minerals, and Congress is working on protective mining legislation, Hughes has invested $250 million in a system capable of sucking up 5,000 tons of minerals daily. Hughes's undersea equipment is circling the ocean floor like a giant phonograph needle, using compressed air about 2,000 feet below the surface to force up from the sea bed nodules of manganese, nickel and copper.

The energy-hungry electric utilities are also probing the shelf as a site for nuclear plants. In New Jersey, the Public Service Electric & Gas Co. has contracted to purchase twin, barge-mounted nuclear power plants to be floated within a breakwater several miles off Atlantic City. One ingenious scheme after another has surfaced for making use of the shelf—floating airports, artificial islands for recreation, and even cities in the sea.

Regrettably, at a time when far-reaching commercial exploitation of coastal waters is at hand, there has been a precipitous drop in government support for ocean research and other environmentally related programs. Ocean studies, for the last three years, have been placed on the

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back burner. Budgets for research and basic environmental work have been slashed and existing appropriations impounded, with scores of government scientists and oceanographers laid off.

Given the intense commercial interest in the Atlantic Coast, scientists believe a wide array of subjects should be explored over the next few years, including the geophysical structure of the ocean floor, movement of sediment, erosion, bottom life, and the ocean's capacity to assimilate wastes. Otherwise, in promoting offshore drilling and superports to solve the fuel crisis, the nation's oil industry might be creating problems of far greater magnitude than the ones they seek to cure.

Unfortunately, the key policy decisions are being made at the White House, where the matter is discussed solely in national security terms. Administration officials point to the fact that fuel imports are producing an annual deficit of $2.5 billion. Troubled by the flood of dollars going to the Middle East—an outflow that is expected to reach $10 billion by 1980—officials warn that an interruption of the imported-oil flow for any reason could seriously damage the American economy and internal and external security.

This concern was voiced recently by Walter Levy, a leading energy consultant, who cautioned that "the United States, as a major world power, simply cannot afford an ever increasing dependence for its oil supplies on a handful of foreign countries. Otherwise, its security in a narrow sense, as well as its prosperity and its freedom of action in foreign policy formulation, will be in jeopardy."

Short of a major program to conserve energy and develop alternative, nonpolluting sources, the era of accelerated offshore oil and gas production looms ahead. Nixon made this point in his energy message. He exhorted Interior Secretary Rogers Morton to triple the annual acreage leased for offshore drilling by 1979, starting next year in the Gulf of Mexico and including, for the first time, deep-sea areas beyond 200 meters in depth. By 1985, the goal is to boost annual oil production by some 1.5 billion barrels primarily through drilling on the continental shelf.

For all the talk about being overdependent on foreign oil, the Administration is surely not about to let its cronies in Iran, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait go down the drain. Hence, the Administration, without waiting for superport terminals to be built or even for their sites to be selected, has awarded $382 million in contracts for the construction of six U.S. supertankers. They are expected to join an armada of more than 4,000 tankers carrying oil from the Persian Gulf. Some supertankers already afloat overshadow in size the U.S. Navy's biggest aircraft carriers; no wonder Adm. Elmo Zumwalt, chief of naval operations, is spending a great deal of time on Capitol Hill these days seeking funds for new warships to protect the tankers.

As now envisioned, oil from the supertankers would be pumped from offshore berths through 48-inch pipelines to storage tanks on shore. From the tanks, the oil would be piped directly to nearby refineries or shipped elsewhere along the coast by smaller tankers.

Governor Cahill of New Jersey has said the superport scheme has all the characteristics of "an environmental nightmare." And the state's director of marine resources pointed out that oil pollution from a single superport and its satellite shore facilities would generate ocean pollution "equivalent to the raw untreated sewage of 845,000 people." In an area where tourism is the biggest industry, the danger couldn't be more pronounced.

Congress, as usual, appears deeply divided on the issue, with some legislators pressing for superports and others resisting. Sen. Henry M. Jackson, whose Interior Committee has jurisdiction over most energy matters, has lined up with the Administration behind a bill that would empower the government to build superports, even if the coastal states didn't want them.

Alarmed, Sen. Edmund S. Muskie of Maine, an important figure in environmental matters, has lent support to an opposing bill, offered by New Jersey's Sen. Harrison A. Williams, which would grant states veto power over superport construction. "States which face this type of threat should have the power to control any potential offshore development which could result in contamination of the ocean and beach-front environment," Williams said.

More important, a move is afoot in Congress to give the underutilized National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) a greater role in protecting and managing ocean resources. This effort is being spearheaded by Sen. Ernest Hollings, whose subcommittee on oceanography has voiced great misgivings about the Administration's sweeping impoundment of funds for ocean-related research. The most immediate impact of this impoundment, ocean scientists say, is being felt on the Atlantic shelf, where NOAA scientists are no longer able to chart the ocean bottom or do marine research in areas proposed for oil and gas drilling.

The result is that after a decade of growth in marine research, moving from random exploration to careful appraisal of potential treasures locked in the sea, America's oceanographic program is back where it began: fragmented and without focus.

In the last few months, NOAA has cut 400 people from marine programs like commercial fisheries management and deep-sea research. The largest U.S. oceanographic vessel, the 3,800-ton *Discoverer*, as well as four fishery research ships, have been laid up. Three marine research laboratories are closing, also for lack of funds. "For all purposes, marine research in the United States is grinding to a halt," Hollings said.

Some government officials believe the root of the problem lies with the fact that oceanography has suffered from the lack of a single, dramatic event to serve as a launching pad, as the Soviet Sputnik did for the space program. "There just does not seem to be a national will to get on with the challenge of the oceans," said Dr. Harris B. Stewart, Jr., director of the Atlantic Oceanographic and Meteorological Laboratories in Miami.

"We have no policy, no goals toward the oceans," he said. "The Russians are doing the major oceanographic work today. Their vessels are roaming the world. And, in five to ten years, I predict," Stewart said, "we're going

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to be faced with something worse than the Sputnik situation. Suddenly, we're going to wake up and wonder what's happened."

Unlike some other marine scientists, Stewart is not opposed to exploiting the shelf for oil and gas. But he believes that much more environmental work on ocean currents and sediment movement needs to be done first, to protect marine life. "The area of the ocean closest to our shores is so poorly understood in all its facets," he declared, "that we're kidding ourselves if we think we are anywhere near ready to make even the most primitive use of such resources as might be on our shelves."

Many years ago Sir Walter Raleigh said, "Whoever commands the seas, commands the trade; whoever commands the trade . . . commands the riches of the world." Similar words were spoken more recently. "The nation that first learns to live under the seas will control them. And the nation that controls the seas will control the world." The speaker was G.V. Petrovich of the Soviet Union. □

NEW WORLD FOOD CRISIS

The Sputtering 'Green Revolution'

RICHARD CRITCHFIELD

Bangkok

What has gone wrong with the world's food supply?

Is the earth's climate changing—getting drier, wetter, warmer, colder? Are prolonged droughts in Africa and India linked with poor harvests in Russia and China? Are we moving into a new ice age? Have industrial pollution or nuclear testing upset the ecological balance? Is the so-called Green Revolution a hoax? Has population growth finally caught up with us? Does global famine impend? Anyone reading the ominous newspaper headlines this summer might think so.

Suddenly we seem to be back in the dark days of the mid-1960s, when national security adviser Walt W. Rostow presented to President Johnson a secret study which warned that the Malthusian crisis of population outstripping food supplies would hit the world in the mid-1970s. Taking up where the famous 1798 *Essay on Population* left off, books started coming out with such titles as *Famine 1975!, Population Crisis, Too Many, SRO*. British author-statesman C. P. Snow solemnly warned American television viewers, "Many millions of people in the poor countries are going to starve to death before our eyes." I remember vividly economist Barbara Ward declaring emotionally over the phone from New York, "We are at war! The human race is at stake!"

A Presidential commission of the leading U.S. agronomists and agricultural economists prepared a weighty study on the World Food Problem; it was outdated almost as soon as it was published. For by the late 1960s, the improbable had happened and India, China, Indonesia and some of the other most populous countries were steadily moving toward self-sufficiency in food, thanks to a massive transfer of Western, chiefly American, farm technology that had begun much earlier. The most important new factor was the discovery by plant breeder Norman E. Borlaug (he won a Nobel Prize for it in 1971) of dwarf grains that in hot tropical climates could absorb large amounts of water and up to 120 pounds of nitrogen fertilizer per acre, three times the old amount, and hence support heavy grain heads without falling over.

Within three years, 1966-69, dwarf wheat had been spectacularly successful in Mexico, India and Pakistan, and had begun to make inroads in a broad Afro-Asian span from China to Morocco. The new rice proved to have more problems than did the wheat, but it too produced dramatically increased yields in the great rice-growing, densely populated regions of the Ganges, Yangtze and Mekong Deltas, as well as on such far-spread islands as Java, Bali, Sri Lanka, the Philippines, Taiwan and even Cuba, where 90 per cent of the rice grown today is in the new varieties.

In 1969, encouraged by what was—and still is—probably the greatest agricultural innovation since the invention of the moldboard plow in medieval Europe, the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) suggested that the world might soon be burdened with a grain surplus and should be thinking of uses for land freed from cereal production. That same year, in its Indicative World Plan to suggest how countries could avoid food shortages through 1985, the FAO foresaw that the Green Revolution would create both more food and more unemployment, and warned that jobs would be the crucial problem of the 1970s.

Within two years, or by mid-1971, the FAO had radically changed its tune and once again feared that the world could face famine in the 1970s. The emerging problem, as the FAO's Director-General Addeke Boerma put it to me in an interview in Rome, was that the new seeds had proven a success only in areas where farmers were socially prepared for progress, where there was some degree of capital and careful water control, and where government policies, such as land reform and minimum farm wage laws, could insure that higher incomes were equitably shared. The FAO discovered, Dr. Boerma said, that "any major transfer of technology without social leveling is politically explosive." The

Richard Critchfield, now on assignment in Asia, is the author of the forthcoming The Golden Bowl Be Broken, *stories of the effect of overpopulation on an Arab Bedouin, African fisherman, Indian farmer and Indonesian urban migrant (Indiana University Press, January 1974).*

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breakup of Pakistan soon afterward and the need for martial law in the Philippines in September 1972 proved him right. As early as the World Food Conference in the Netherlands in July 1970, Boerma had warned that, unless the Green Revolution were carefully managed, there could result "a conflagration of violence that would sweep through millions of lives."

Since 1971, two years of droughts and other adverse climatic conditions have made matters worse. In June, Boerma told the half-yearly meeting of FAO's council that bad weather, coupled with the slow advance of the Green Revolution and international financial instability, now presented the world once more with the imminent threat of famine.

The problem is so complex—involving a great climatic shift, runaway population growth, the failure of foreign aid or the transfer of resources from rich countries to poor, the social and political repercussions of the spread of American farm technology, the international monetary crisis, massive Soviet purchases of grain, the ecology and the individual situations of the 131 nations involved—that no one can hope, and certainly cannot claim, to grasp it entirely. However, perhaps something is to be gained by briefly summarizing a few of the main factors:

The Climatic Shift. Some meteorologists dismiss the idea that there is any, contending that recent weather conditions are within the norm of variations to be expected from year to year.

Aside from the well-publicized droughts in sub-Saharan Africa and central India, there have been excesses of rainfall: in equatorial Africa where Lake Victoria rose to dangerous heights; along the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, where Pennsylvania experienced the worst flood in the country's history last year, and on the Philippines' main island of Luzon, where forty-seven straight days of rain in July and August 1972—triple the normal fall—left the country's 120-mile-long main rice basin submerged under several feet of water. And, despite last year's floods, rainfall along the American East Coast was down 7 to 8 per cent during the 1960s.

It is also a fact that the Sahara is advancing southward at the rate of a kilometer a year, that the polar ice is expanding and that parts of Europe have grown steadily colder in the past century. The World Meteorological Organization is considering a theory that the earth is now experiencing what may be the greatest and most sustained shift of climate since 1700. This shift, which began around 1950 and took definite shape in the 1960s, has meant that the whole equatorial zone is wetter than it was in the first half of the century, while the arid and semi-arid zones north and south of the equator are correspondingly drier.

As the theory goes, the shift was probably set off by a fluctuation in the sun's heat, which, possibly linked with sunspot activity, produced an expansion of the polar cap. This in turn pushed circulating winds down toward the equator, which dropped their rain there. Weaker winds have similarly provided less rain in areas far from oceans, such as central Asia.

This theory seems to be winning wider acceptance than are the arguments advanced by environmentalists that man himself is changing the weather by overgrazing, reforestation, vast irrigation projects, nuclear tests, rainmaking and industrial pollution. Most experts seem to agree that these factors are insignificant when compared with the overwhelming importance of climatic change.

Population Growth. Here the story is familiar. Unless some drastic way to limit births is found soon, China will grow from 800 million to just under a billion in the next twelve years; the old India, comprising India proper, Pakistan and Bangladesh, from 735 million to just over a billion, and the whole world from 3.8 billion to nearly 5 billion. In recent years the Chinese, both on the mainland and overseas, have shown a marked decline in fertility and may follow the North Americans, Russians, Europeans and Japanese toward an eventual zero population growth. Whether this will come in time, since the majority of Chinese, as with the rest of the world, are children, nobody knows. One would probably still have to say that, when it hits, the population disaster, involving famine, crippling pollution and bloody social chaos, is most likely to hit in the Ganges and Yangtze Deltas, in the coastal fringes of the Indian subcontinent, the Middle East and North Africa, Ceylon, Java and the Philippines, and any number of big cities where hundreds of millions of uprooted peasants today find themselves condemned to extreme poverty, hunger, shantytown dwellings, crime and unemployment. In most poor, developing countries today the "trickle-down" economics, practiced because their governments can devise nothing better, do not supply the needs of the existing population, much less the 3 billion poor people expected by 1980, or the 5.5 billion by the year 2000 (when the world's total population may be more than 7 billion). The moment of greatest danger is unlikely to come from the simultaneous pressure, fifty or 100 years from now, of exhausted resources, pollution and population that the environmentalists harp upon. It is much more likely to express itself in revolt and anarchy when the big cities have been depleted of rice and wheat, the two important staples for most of humanity.

Transfer of Resources. The United States, with 6 per cent of the world's people, consumes at least 32 per cent of the world's resources. An American baby will in his lifetime claim at least 500 times as much of these resources as will a child born in India or black Africa. Yet the present transfer of resources from rich to poor countries is stuck fast at about $6 billion a year and falling in value with inflation.

According to the U.N.'s Department of Economic and Social Affairs, between 1960 and 1970 income per head in the rich countries increased by 43 per cent and in the poor countries by 27 per cent. Since the per capita gross national product of the United States is just under $4,000 and of India only $90, the gap is growing enormously great. Official aid from the world's sixteen richest countries is still only 0.35 per cent of gross national product, and while it is true that net flows from the rich sixteen should rise to 1 per cent by 1975, the greater part of it will be commercial investment, which does next to

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nothing to develop the infrastructure of poor countries.

Meanwhile, as children in Africa and India are dying of starvation, American television shows 50,000 baby chicks being drowned at a Georgia hatchery because they are too expensive to feed. That is the harsh economics of a cost-price squeeze resulting because 2.7 per cent of Americans feed the rest and, unlike their peasant counterparts in most of the world, strive to keep up with urban incomes and living standards.

Transfer of Farm Technology. Five years ago J. George Harrar, then president of the Rockefeller Foundation which had been the prime mover in developing dwarf wheat, told me, "The scientific problem bothers us not at all. We can demonstrate the capabilities for dramatic agricultural improvement. But substantial inputs of foreign aid funds will be absolutely essential for the next few years if the present agricultural revolution is to succeed. What we may lack is the will."

But although foreign aid was temporarily killed by the Senate in 1972 and for the past fifteen months has been limping along at record low levels on the basis of continuing Congressional resolutions, lack of money in itself has not been the Green Revolution's biggest problem. The real trouble with the dwarf grain is that it is a purely scientific phenomenon. Experience in Pakistan, the Philippines and elsewhere has shown that if the right conditions do not exist—land reform and equitable income distribution, a controlled water supply, enough capital and the availability of technical advice—the adoption of the new seeds and methods of cultivation aggravates rather than solves social needs.

That is nothing new in history. The invention of irrigation produced temple slavery and the moldboard plow introduced manorial farming and the treatment of lands, rent and labor as commercially negotiable properties. This doesn't mean that irrigation and the plow were bad—we wouldn't be here today without them—nor is the Green Revolution, or the transfer of Western farm technology to the poor countries, bad. Indeed, population increase has made it a necessity. But the Green Revolution must be recognized as politically explosive. It creates more food, but it also creates more unemployed farmers and urban migrants, since modern methods require less hands.

The new technology works spectacularly well in dry, sunny areas like the Punjab, where there is only 5 to 10 inches of rainfall a year but an abundant supply of ground water and canal runoff from the Himalayas. It does not do well in rain-fed, dry-land farming areas that depend on favorable weather. It tends to enrich the peasants who have capital, somewhat improves the position of the majority, but drives the very poor and marginal peasants into bankruptcy and off the land. Within a village it has a drastic impact on culture, radically transforming traditional tasks and values; that may explain why most of the Green Revolution's really determined critics are anthropologists.

By drawing former subsistence farmers into commercial agriculture, it also subjects them to the ups and downs of a market economy. Within a country, as production rises in the newly high-yielding area and imports are reduced or ended, grain prices decline and rain-fed, dry-land areas get poorer. That was how the prosperity of Iowa and Kansas was purchased at the price of depression in Appalachia. It is another reason why the possibility of a climatic shift is so serious, since most of the regions experiencing drought, as for instance India's states of Maharashtra and Madhya Pradesh, are also the areas left behind by the Green Revolution.

Russia. The present world grain crisis has been considerably magnified by the Soviet Union's need to im-

Vadillo Siempre (Mexico)

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port 26 million tons of grain this season and something between 13 million and 15 million tons in the coming one. Russia has not been afflicted by drought on anything like the scale of India, but in the view of most experts, its inefficient collectivized farming system totters along on such a tightrope that any sustained period of bad weather creates a food crisis.

This year a mere 168 million tons were harvested instead of the expected 195 million tons. Some of this can be blamed on mismanagement and incompetence, but if Russia is permanently affected by a climatic shift, its need to keep its people fed by imports, as in Japan, could significantly affect its future in a world where politics would become food.

Russia has undertaken vast irrigation projects to enable it to apply the new wheat technology with a controlled water supply, but this too could have an unpredicted ecological backlash. Meanwhile, the danger of big wheat purchases is that, once the price of wheat on the world market rises close to the normally much higher rice price, the rice preference of China and the other rice-exporting countries could assert itself and normal substitutions stop working.

China. Premier Chou En-lai has put grain production at 240 million tons, about 20 million more than Washington's highest estimate. But measured against a population approaching 800 million, it is still well short of China's own target of 400 kilos of grain per person a year. China continues to import wheat to feed its cities, exporting rice at double the price per ton. Boxed in by the sea on the east and the central Asian mountains on the west, China might well try to push north into Siberia or south into Southeast Asia if the new technology cannot expand its yields per acre fast enough to keep pace with population. Both of those areas have a ratio of population to potential food supply considerably lower than in China itself. If China's vast arid and semi-arid zones continue to get drier and the population reaches a predicted billion in twelve more years, Chinese foreign policy may become predominately a search for food.

India. The Green Revolution has helped India stave off disaster more than it has any other country. India produced only 68.5 million tons of grain in 1960-61 and it took one-fifth of the U.S. wheat crop to sustain 60 million Indians during the last drought in 1966-67. Grain production reached a high of 93 million tons in 1970-71, but estimates for this year are down to 84 million. And in the past thirteen years, India's population has risen from 440 million to 580 million. Official food stocks are now down to 3 million tons. In late June India's food minister announced that 2 million tons would be sought on the international wheat market, but the finance minister suggested earlier that at least 6 million tons might have to be imported. This is edging up toward the 10 million tons India imported at the height of the last crisis six years ago.

Indonesia. When one gets to the largely rice-consuming countries, the supply situation becomes much tighter. Indonesia, the world's fifth largest country with 128 million people, has had to scale down a 15.4-million-ton rice production target this year to 14.8 million tons. Since last year's production was only 12.2 million tons, Indonesia now has orders for 1.5 million tons on the world market and is looking for another 600,000 tons. Competition is keen, since Bangladesh seeks to import 3 million tons of rice and the Philippines 800,000 tons, to say nothing of food needs for international rescue operations to save some 16 million Indians and 9 million Africans from starvation.

The adoption of dwarf rice and the heavy use of nitrogen that goes with it has moved more slowly in Indonesia than was hoped, with less than 20 per cent of the rice lands in the new seeds. There is unusual cultural resistance to both modern farm technology and population control on the main island of Java, where the average farm is less than an acre, 30 per cent of the peasants are landless, and the population density of almost 1,500 persons per square mile and a total population of 80 million are almost the same as in Bangladesh. The capital of Jakarta, which has grown from 1.5 million to 5 million in twenty years, will explode into violence if enough rice does not flow in to contain the 25 per cent rise in prices since last fall.

Southeast Asia's rice crisis developed slowly over the past year and, as in India, Africa, China and Russia, can be largely attributed to the weather. It began with the forty-seven-day deluge in the Philippines, wiping out the rice harvest in Central Luzon, setting the economy back an estimated five years, and producing the near anarchy that ended in the imposition of martial law last September. Droughts followed in the southern island of Mindanao, already torn by a Christian-Moslem land war among an overpopulated people. Indonesia also lacked rain. Between them the two countries sought urgent imports of more than 2 million tons or just about all that was available on the world market.

Then drought hit Thailand and Burma, wiping out stockpiles and almost overnight doubling rice prices in Bangkok, so that a shaken Thai Government on June 12 temporarily banned all exports. A near panic followed. Cambodian diplomats declared that Phnom Penh, already besieged by the Communists, would run out of food. The Thai Government agreed to ship in an extra 10,000 tons.

In Malaysia, a 10 per cent drop from last year's production of almost a million tons was feared because of droughts in Sabah and Sarawak. Imports of 200,000 tons were needed, and when Bangkok remained silent to appeals that it should honor its export pledges, a brisk smuggling operation began.

Japan has sharply criticized the Thai ban, claiming it will "seriously affect" Japan's food aid program to other Southeast Asian nations, including Indonesia, where it has rice commitments. In Singapore, which needs only 180,000 tons a year to feed itself, housewives have gone on a wild buying spree, and in Hong Kong, where panic buying initially sent prices up 60 per cent, a stiff upper-lipped British financial secretary assured everyone that imports from China, Australia and the United States, together with (rather meager) stocks of 70,000 tons, were "more than adequate to bridge any shortfall in supplies from Thailand." China soon offered to fill the gap, supplying Hong Kong with its food as well as its water

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and making the British Crown Colony still more dependent on its giant neighbor.

By early July the first rains blessedly fell over drought-stricken areas stretching from sub-Saharan Africa to the southern Philippines, and Manila announced that a record harvest of rice had been brought in on Central Luzon, thanks to speedy U.S. flood-relief operations last fall. There is some reason to hope that the worst is over.

Maybe there is still time to increase foreign aid to at least $10 billion a year, with no funny business about euphemistically terming commercial investment "aid," to fully harness the new revolution in hybrid seeds and cultivation methods and so enable the poor to feed themselves and gain the time needed to curb population growth. Maybe, if it turns out that this was just an unlucky year. But perhaps the meteorologists, climatologists, demographers, the FAO and all the others are right and the continuing prospects for large areas of the world are not good.

And either way what is there to prevent the rich nations from continuing to display the same failure of imagination they have shown in the past five years? Dr. Borlaug, the father of the Green Revolution, used to be fond of saying that the new seeds had brought ten, twenty, thirty years more time for "the world to come to its senses" and curb population growth. The time seems to have gone by awfully fast. □

THE WORSHIP OF 'PEPSICOATL'

ALAN CHEUSE

Yo tengo un pistola
Con manago de marfil
Para matar todo los gringos
Que vienen por ferrocarril!

When a drunken soldier from Pancho Villa's army sang this song to young John Reed (who had come from New York to cover Villa's advance toward Torreon for *Metropolitan* magazine), there was a good chance that he would follow up his threat with a bullet or two. In the winter of 1913, gringos and exploitation were synonymous in the mining region of northern Mexico, and the threat of U.S. military intervention in the bloody revolutionary war was imminent.

Sixty years later, economic intervention by North Americans has become desirable in an economy that is constantly seeking new, adventurous investors in consumer products. And gringo hating is on the wane. In 1965, when I first visited Guadalajara, Mexico's second largest city, there was still a trace of the old anti-Yankee sentiment in the air. Although Pepsi-Cola signs brightened the night above Liberated Market and General Motors cars roared through the streets, it was nearly impossible to walk more than a few blocks anywhere in the city without finding oneself denounced. In the smaller town of San Pedro Tlaquepaque (where I settled for the year while teaching in a small private high school in Guadalajara), old women averted their eyes, little children gawked, and adult males (when they deigned to look at me) smiled the smile of Villa's trooper whenever I walked down the street. The mother of my infant child could not appear outside the house without finding herself the target of lip-smacking obscenities and fruit tossed from passing busses.

Gringos usually were exempt from the daily round of violent killings (the result of mixing honor and alcohol) that make Mexico's daily newspapers so exciting to read, but that year a Yankee tourist was robbed and brutally murdered in a seacoast resort several hours from the city. Those of us who believed that Mexico had to make its own way ingested the incident as an act of nationalist pride. Today, the temptation to succumb to such pastoral nonsense is still great as the face of Guadalajara begins to take on the appearance of one of California's southern cities. Something has turned rotten in contemporary Mexican life; the people seemed to have crossed some mysterious line that used to divide them from the outrages and dishonor of what we ourselves regarded as the gringo way of living. With the institutionalization of the role U.S. capital can play in Mexican life (under the new federal investment law which regulates the percentage of North American ownership in every industry) the bite has been taken out of the Yankee menace. But the threat of intervention seems to have become internalized in the souls of Mexicans who have papered over their revolutionary past with advertisements for color television and stickers for Quaker State Motor Oil and STP.

One frightening aspect of this new turn of events is the success of the new style of education at the Autonomous University of Guadalajara. Ten years ago the Autónoma became the recipient of large loans and gifts from the USIA and the Ford Foundation, and broke ground for a beautiful new campus on the western edge of the city. Today, it is the darling of the burgeoning Mexican middle class since, among other things, it requires a "nonpolitical" stance from students and instructors alike (so "nonpolitical" that if any one utters a political opinion he is likely to be fired or dismissed from the rolls). Unlike the vaguely Socialist University of Guadalajara, the Autónoma turns out doctors and lawyers who do not even pay lip service to social responsibility but, rather, consider their new campus—which now that it is completed looks like the set for the next film in the *Planet of the Apes* series, with molded causeways carrying its decorous human inhabitants from one sterile tower to the next—a springboard for a lifetime of getting

Alan Cheuse teaches literature at Bennington College, Bennington, Vt.

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and spending (and putting away some cash, of course, in New York and Swiss banks).

A visible sign of the disturbing nature of life at the Autónoma is its stringent dress code—which regulates hair length, type of shoes ("no *huaraches*"), skirt length, and so forth—which had made its classrooms a museum of American life during the 1950s. By contrast, Guadalajara's busy streets swarm with young Mexican men dressed in the same styles they used to abhor when they saw them worn by gringos ten years before: shoulder-length hair, untrimmed beards, sweeping thick sideburns, jeans and boots. And young women wear trousers (some with patches that say "Kiss my pocket!"), Che Guevara T-shirts, and see-through blouses.

Drastic change, for better or for worse, is in the air. A barber who likes to listen to traditional Jaliscan mariachi music must take a minute or two to sweep the dial across the stations that offer last year's Paul McCartney and Helen Reddy; a record shop near the Degollado Theatre where the "Folkloristas" recently performed does not sell that native group's albums but gives a discount on the latest LP from a rock group called "La Revolución del Emiliano Zapata." Seven years ago, if a young Mexican wished to learn English he or she would have to enroll in the USIA-administered "Instituto Cultural Mexicano-Norteamericano" (from whose staff I was fired because I would not get a crew cut). Today, Guadalajara seems to be as English-oriented as Athens, Greece, with small English-language "institutes" dotting the city. Shopkeepers and beggars alike seem to have picked up a basic grasp of the language. And in an imperialist's dream come true, the worst dressed Yankee can now wander through the country paying for his meat and beans, and even his purchases in the market, with his Master Charge or Bankamericard. The transition which Carlos Fuentes warns against in his new collection of essays (*Tiempo Mexicano*), the passage from the worship of Quetzalcoatl to "Pepsicoatl," seems already to have taken place.

The year 1968 was the turning point in the deformation of the Mexican character. By sending the army to massacre hundreds of students at a peaceful meeting in Mexico City's Tlatelolco Square, the "Institutional Revolutionary Party" (PRI) revealed itself as a repressive government which conducts business with those who wish to transform it by using guns and tanks. A strange mixture of thugs and idealists (imagine a single American ruling party led by George McGovern and Charles Colson and you'll have the feel of PRI), the heirs to the Mexican Revolution suggest to Octavio Paz (who, after Tlatelolco, resigned his post as ambassador to India) the totalitarian rule of the Aztecs who sat at the top of their pyramid-like city in the Valley of Mexico and delivered their orders to the rest of the country.

There are, of course, some signs of revolution within the counterrevolution. Although Carlos Madrazo, a PRI leader who wanted to inject a little democracy into the boss-ridden party structure, died mysteriously in a plane crash in Monterrey in 1965, the current President, Luís Echeverría, has opened the doors of the prisons and freed opposition writers and those students who did not "disappear" after their arrests in the wake of Tlatelolco. Echeverría is seen frequently in different parts of the country with lettuce growers and mule drivers. The state police in Jalisco, however, have continued their oppression against the left-wing student movement—which, given the gun battles between the FEG (liberal) and FER (radical) wings, make a student's life quite difficult—and have caused quite a number of young men to "disappear." The recent kidnapping of the American Consul General Terrence Leonhardy sent the rich to grinding more glass to sprinkle on the top of the walls surrounding their houses, and the police into a frenzy of new arrests and "disappearances."

Leonhardy seems much less shaken by left-wing activity in Jalisco than by the failure of the government to pay heed to what he considers the basic problems of Mexican development. When I had the chance to talk to him for several hours last week, he told me without coercion the same things he told his abductors who interrogated him at gun point about the role of U.S. capital in Mexico. The real problem is not the presence of U.S. investments and managers, he argued. Mexico needs 800,000 new jobs a year; North Americans come in and set up factories in outlying areas where timid Mexican investors will not dare to go, thus supplying the necessary jobs. But Mexico is soon going to need a *million* jobs a year, the new investment law has made some Yankees timid for the first time, and worse, Mexico's already faltering agricultural production (faltering in that it seems to be dropping back to pre-1965 levels, making U.S. grain donations in order once again) will in a few years fall far behind the growing demands of a rapidly expanding population. Mexico needs agricultural technicians, managers and a birth control program more effective than the government's current feeble efforts to discourage the expansion of families.

Add Leonhardy's pessimistic comments to newspaper headlines denying that the price of tortilla flour will soon rise (which means that it will soon rise), toss in the recent relaxation of controls on meat prices, the rise of vegetable prices, and the government's declaration that the nation's revolutionary direction must be reinvestigated: clearly the changes in the street life here are part of a larger crisis of government. The consumer-oriented society of the Echeverría regime is simply not working, except for the privileged few. As the unprivileged grow in number, and grow hungrier (and because of Mexico's excellent federal school system, grow better educated), "the Interrupted Revolution" may begin moving again.

When that happens, Mexicans might yet turn on gringos, the traditional scapegoats for their own internal troubles. But it is more likely that they will turn on one another, and whoever is President when that takes place might not be able to save himself, as John Reed did, by offering the trooper with the itchy trigger finger the gift of his gold-plated wrist watch. Gringos, as it turns out, appear to be created, like Sartre's Jews, in the minds of their beholders. And Mexico has developed to the point where it can exploit its own people without any assistance from the pale ones to the north. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Women Writing

WASH US AND COMB US. *By Barbara Deming. Grossman Publishers. 224 pp. $8.95.*

THE LITTLE DISTURBANCES OF MAN. *By Grace Paley. New American Library. 189 pp. Paper $2.95.*

ANN MORRISSETT DAVIDON

Barbara Deming and Grace Paley are two women vehement in pursuit of whatever they take on: peace, justice, human rights, or the portrayal of human beings. Both have been actively involved for the past decade or more in the peace movement, not just signing petitions and ads but in direct actions which have led to their imprisonment. Yet their personalities and writing styles are as different as vichyssoise and barley soup.

Barbara Deming examines carefully every phrase she lays before us, seeming to ponder its accuracy, its honesty, the appropriateness of its boldness or delicacy of nuance. Consequently in her narrative there is an occasional indigestible richness, a sentence thick with information and images:

> He began to watch her at long distance—planted out there on the beach behind her improvised ramparts—or headed home, lugging her basket of provisions against the day, not content to take the winding shell road but cutting home directly through switch grass and bramble and palmetto, thrusting through, wearily those first days, angrily, but with an energy even then that startled him: a small woman, both hardy and delicate of frame—a little plump at the waist, but trim in spite of it, and vivid in her motions.

This is from the initial (title) story, a long one that might better have come later. At first reading I was impatient; it was on rereading that I came to appreciate some of the things happening in it—although not much "happens," actually, in the usual sense. A writer, Nina, in retreat at a Florida tourist home, and the young man she meets there, Miles, continue their mutual observation:

> But they carefully kept each his distance, exchanged nods, smiles, in passing, but—until one evening—nothing more.

They begin to know each other, warily. She learns of his parents' divorce, urges him to live his own life: "You can't take as your profession the mending of your mother's life!" She surmises that he is homosexual: "And why can't you live with it? It's no death sentence." He wants to be a sculptor; she tells him that only fear deforms him, nothing is created out of caution. She tells him that it is out of evil suffered and understood that an artist creates. The fear goes from him, they become inseparable; Nina writes of all this to her husband, an insubstantial shadow from whom she is spending time away.

A new couple arrives, the woman a writer. At dinner someone says ". . . two authoresses at table! Are writers supposed to get along with each other?" "Oh never, never," says Nina, who later explodes to Miles: "Our latest crop of writers—oh, it's all very ordered and shipshape. . . . It's spun glass and all blown out so cleverly!" Miles spends more time with the couple, and is abandoned by Nina.

> She regarded him with a look he could no longer meet—the look of the sybil who knows what is to come, and what is to come is dark.

On one occasion she spits out to Miles, about the other writer:

> "To take and take and smile and smile—that's her talent. . . . She gets out that little notebook of hers and takes it all down—from everybody else. . . . I know her kind. . . . They seem vulnerable, they seem helpless. But everything serves their purpose. They're always in control. Everywhere you go, they are the successful ones, the fêted ones, the winners. They are the best-sellers. . . ."

She admits she is jealous. Listening to her, Miles "stopped still, studying her, sober. He had forgotten, quite simply, that she, also, was human."

On the day the intruding couple departs, Nina and Miles are reconciled.

> Her face wore the curious illumination of one quite spent, and he was reminded again, with a slight shock, that she was not, after all, an impersonal force.

He tells her: "And you were right, one is on one's own. Time to grow up—to comb my own hair."

Two of the other stories, "Death and the Old Woman," and "An Invitation," were written in the early 1950s (published first in *The New Yorker* and *Charm*). It is not clear how recent the rest may be, but they all share the quality of new-writer scrupulousness that makes for a kind of awkward charm. Most of the stories are concerned with people wanting to be involved with others (or to be taken care of) yet trying to manage alone, to find out something about themselves. They are people spending time away from their usual lives, or who have been sent away, experiencing timelessness and aimlessness.

Deming's meticulous, occasionally excessive use of punctuation sometimes reminds me of Virginia Woolf or Henry James at their most punctilious. "They all, again, stared at him." "He picked her up in the road, walking." There is an oddness in her style that seems to arise out of stubborn concern for precision at all costs.

Barbara Deming is not a prolific writer, but an acquaintance with her other writing—particularly *Prison Notes* and *Revolution and Equilibrium*—reveals aspects of her which put her stories into perspective. In *Prison Notes*, her account of an interracial peace walk from North to South which landed her in a Georgia jail, she effectively interweaves theoretical essay with earthy human sketches. In *Revolution and Equilibrium*, a collection of her essays through the 1960s, there are some pieces (particularly the title essay) in which her painstaking method yields an illuminating clarity and lucidity. One has the feeling that careful practice in observation and description of mood and character has served her well in shaping her thinking on broader, conventionally "masculine" issues—like war and peace, violence and nonviolence.

Deming's characters struggle with the problem of self-assertion, which is both impeded and enhanced by their impulse to lose themselves in "sympathy." Yet her stories seem more "feminine" than "masculine," in the traditional (but positive) sense that they deal more with feelings and relationships than with events. (In this sense Henry James and Marcel Proust, for example, are also "feminine" writers.)

Her stories take time and patience: they seem to me a kind of lolling time, a collecting of herself, a prelude for her other writings. Like Susan Sontag,

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Ann Davidon is a writer active in peace and liberation groups. She spent six years in France, Sweden, Israel and Denmark and now lives in Haverford, Pa.

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and possibly Mary McCarthy, her excursions into fiction (at least as reflected in these stories) do not seem to express her as essentially (and, one might add, as bisexually) as do her essays. While she shares with Sontag and McCarthy, and with Virginia Woolf before them, a drive for truth and clarity, leavened by erudition, there is a kind of unsophisticated passion for justice in Barbara Deming's life and writings which makes her, more than any of these others, akin to Simone Weil, a writer and activist for whom one imagines that the "indulgence" of fiction writing would have been unthinkable.

Which brings me, not so elliptically as one might think, to barley soup. Grace Paley's short stories are often so enjoyably ethnic that one may miss, on first reading, some of the several layers of feelings and meanings that are being transmitted. ("Ethnic," of course, means anything not WASP, though in fact Barbara Deming's stories could well be called Anglo-ethnic.) Paley's writings, like Deming's, also reach deeper on a second reading. One has to become used to incongruous malapropisms, the deliberate innocence that conveys double meanings, the tough-kid humor that pretends to hide (but knows it doesn't) a sympathetic heart. Both writers often use language in odd, unexpected, vivid, sometimes lurching ways that make one stop and go back, annoyed, provoked, alerted to fresh perceptions. Paley's people, especially her women, are like Deming's in that they are also engaged in struggles for self-definition or assertion, impeded as well as propelled by their passions and sympathies. In "Goodbye and Good Luck," the initial story in *The Little Disturbances of Man*, the woman telling the story to her niece of her long affair with the Yiddish actor Vlashkin, says:

> . . . poor Mama. . . . It is true she got more of an idea of life than me. She married who she didn't like, a sick man, his spirit already swallowed up by God. He never washed. He had an unhappy smell. His teeth fell out, his hair disappeared, he got smaller, shriveled up little by little, till goodbye and good luck he was gone and only came to Mama's mind when she went to the mailbox under the stairs to get the electric bill. In memory of him and out of respect for mankind, I decided to live for love. . . . Do you think it was easy for me?

Even in acquiescence there is gentle irony:

> Honey, you will no doubt love and marry one man and have a couple kids and be happy forever till you die tired. More than that, a person like us don't have to know. But a great artist like Volodya Vlashkin . . . in order to make a job on the stage, he's got to practice. I understand it now, to him life is like a rehearsal.

"An Interest in Life" begins:

> My husband gave me a broom one Christmas. This wasn't right. No one can tell me it was meant kindly.

And again, in an apparent giving up, there is the gentle irony:

> Happiness isn't so bad for a woman. She gets fatter, she gets older, she could lie down, nuzzling a regiment of men and little kids, she could just die of the pleasure. But men are different, they have to own money, or they have to be famous, or everybody on the block has to look up to them from the cellar stairs. A woman counts her children and acts snotty, like she invented life, but men *must* do well in the world. I know that men are not fooled by being happy.

The narrator is almost always a woman, as Deming's stories are also mainly about women. In "A Subject of Childhood," probably more overtly autobiographical than all the rest, the narrator, Faith, says:

> Truthfully, Mondays through Fridays—because of success at work—my ego is hot; I am a star; whoever can be warmed by me, I may oblige. The flat scale stones of abuse that fly into that speedy atmosphere are utterly consumed. Untouched, I glow my little thermodynamic way.
>
> On Saturday mornings in my own home, however, I face the sociological law called the Obtrusion of Incontrovertibles. For I have raised these kids, with one hand typing behind my back to earn a living. I have raised them all alone without a father to identify themselves with in the bathroom like all the other little boys in the playground. Laugh. I was forced by inclement management into a yellow-dog contract with Bohemia, such as it survives.

The same woman, trying to seize time, appeals to her children with love and exasperation:

> "Now listen to me. I want you to get out of here. Go on down and play. I need ten minutes all alone. Anthony, I might kill you if you stay up here."
>
> He reappeared, smelling like peppermint sticks at Christmas. He stood on one foot, looking up into my high eyes, and said, "O.K., Faith. Kill me."
>
> I had to sit immediately then, so he could believe I was his size and stop picking on me.
>
> "Please," I said gently, "go out with your brother. I have to think, Tonto. . . ."
>
> "Oh, Tonto," I said despairing of one solitary minute. "Why can't you go play with Richard? You'll have fun."
>
> "No," he said, "I don't care if Richard goes away, or Clifford. They can go do whatever they wanna do. I don't even care. I'm never gonna go away. I'm gonna stay right next to you forever, Faith."
>
> "Oh, Tonto," I said. He took his thumb out of his mouth and placed his open hand, its fingers stretching wide, across my breast. "I love you, Mama," he said.
>
> "Love," I said. "Oh love, Anthony, I know."
>
> I held him so and rocked him. I cradled him. I closed my eyes and leaned on his dark head. But the sun in its course emerged from among the water towers of downtown office buildings and suddenly shone white and bright on me. Then through the short fat fingers of my son, interred forever, like a black and white barred king in Alcatraz, my heart lit up in stripes.

"Feminine" writing: one thinks of preoccupations with style, trivia, sentimental love explored shallowly and ending in ecstasy or tragedy. Yet when one considers the outstanding women writers of the past century or so—the Brontë sisters, George Eliot, Jane Austen—as Barbara Deming does in the *Liberation* article mentioned earlier, the struggle for self-assertion is the theme which links them and gives them their strength. In "masculine" writings the focus has traditionally been on a progression of events, adventures, struggles with forces of nature—and the reading is more interesting the first time around, when the reader does not know what will "happen." With Deming and Paley, as with a number of other women writers, I get more out of the second reading. Obviously, that is also true of good men writers, whose prose may stand up under many rereadings. The best writers, male and female, explore both inwardly and outwardly, and in that sense their writing can be indistinguishable.

Again the food metaphor, not only because it is so often stereotypically associated with women, as nourishers, but because it may serve to illustrate, in a down-to-earth way, a further aspect of the traditional treatment of women writers. Cooks in high places, and commercial places, are usually men. While Mom's cooking is given due deference, it is to the men, the gourmet chefs, that we turn for the "best." When literature is taught, male writers are almost exclusively considered (unless it is a "women's literature" course), and teachers are hard pressed to think of women writers to include in their required reading. In view of the limitations placed on women in the past, it is understandable that they have not produced much "great" literature, and perhaps surprising that they have produced any at all. But

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it seems fairly certain that even those we know about (and there may be many more we don't) have been insufficiently considered—not only for their literary qualities but for what they reveal about themselves and their struggles.

Among more recent writers the names of many women come to mind: Virginia Woolf, Ivy Compton-Burnett, Katherine Anne Porter, Kay Boyle, Flannery O'Connor, Joyce Carol Oates, Sylvia Plath, Iris Murdoch, Eudora Welty, Doris Lessing—and scores of others, as well as some brilliant women in the fields of criticism and analysis. It is not clear yet which of these might have produced a body of work which would stand out over a long period of time—or even whether producing an outstanding "body of work" is a necessary or important concept in writing any more than in eating. Talented or not, as an article in the July issue of *Ms.* points out, "writing is one of the few forms of self-expression open to women who are isolated in their homes or factories or offices, and that fact results in an unusually high number of submissions [of manuscripts]." (A *Redbook* editor wrote to me that the magazine receives more than 24,000 pieces of unsolicited fiction a year, though probably not all of these are from women. But consider all the other women's magazines also receiving these quantities!) For better or worse, it is clear that an overwhelming number of women these days are struggling to assert themselves through writing.

In the same issue of *Ms.* just cited, a previously unpublished manuscript by Virginia Woolf (filled with dashes and commas and convolutions and parentheses and a few clear sentences like "Essays were the facts of life" and "This was the famous place: the world") conveys a brief wistful sketch of a young woman drowningly ill at ease at a party, clinging to an essay which her professor has marked "First rate." What is the meaning of this essay, clutched to her breast like a lifesaver?

> Glancing at her essay; the three red stars dulled to obscurity . . . as if yielding to the pressure of unquestionable might, that is the conviction that it was not hers to dominate, or to assert; rather to air and embellish this orderly life where all was done already; high towers, solemn bells, flats built every brick of them by men's toil, parliaments too; and even the criss-cross of telegraph wires she thought, looking at the window as she walked. What had she to oppose to this massive masculine achievement? An essay on the character of Dean Swift!

There is in this tiny, not very well-written story a nobler essay struggling to assert itself, and in the essay a woman, a human being.

Perhaps until that assertion is complete, women will go on writing about women, and about women writing. □

LONELINESS,

it lies
between the steps
of the stairs

Lennart Bruce

Looking Left in America

STRATEGY AND PROGRAM: Two Essays Toward a New American Socialism. *By Staughton Lynd and Gar Alperovitz. Beacon Press. 128 pp. $5.95. Paper $2.95.*

THE NEW SOCIALIST REVOLUTION: An Introduction to Its Theory and Strategy. *By Michael P. Lerner. Delacorte Press. 332 pp. $8.95. Paper $2.95.*

DEREK SHEARER

In recent years—partly because of the decline of the Indochinese war—a growing number of New Left intellectuals and organizers have turned their attention from foreign to domestic policy. This shift in interest is not due to the neo-isolationism of the Left, as Kissinger, Agnew and company would have us believe. Rather, it is based on the realization that, in the long run, only a political transformation of American society will make possible a radical shift in the relations between the United States and the rest of the world.

This new current of thought (and, one hopes, action) is also a much needed attempt to bring together the nonsectarian Left, which has been splintered by the romantic notions of the Weathermen and by excessive Third World cheerleading. The common purpose, as I discern it, is to produce a vision of what a democratic, more or less decentralized, Socialist America would look like and what strategy and tactics can make the vision real.

The discussion of strategy and program is just beginning. In recent months, new publications have appeared: *Working Papers for a New Society*, a quarterly edited by Christopher Jencks, John Case, Alan Graubard, Nancy Lyons and Mary Jo Bane in Cambridge; *Newsletter for the Democratic Left*, edited by Michael Harrington; and *Southern Exposure*, produced by former Southern student radicals like Sue Thrasher and Julian Bond.

In Vermont, Lee Webb, one of the founders of SDS who now teaches at Goddard College, has produced a series of studies on that state's tax and economic policies. A third party, the Liberty Union Party (as well as liberal Democrats) is responding favorably to Webb's material. Radical candidates have run for elective office and sometimes won in Detroit, Ann Arbor, Berkeley, Oakland and Madison. In Chicago, another SDS founder, Paul Booth, served for three years as co-chairman of the Citizens Action Program, an Alinsky-inspired citywide organization which has won a number of victories against the Daley machine. Across the country, more and more radicals are working with or alongside ecology groups and consumer groups on the pattern established by Ralph Nader.

Strategy and Program by Staughton Lynd and Gar Alperovitz, and *The New Socialist Revolution* by Michael Lerner, are the first books to reflect this new activity on the Left. Since their purpose is to spread ideas and encourage debate rather than to lay down dogma, they should not be judged by the standard one would apply to *Das Kapital* or Lenin's *What Is To Be Done?*

Lynd and Alperovitz's compact book is really a kind of pamphlet (but books get distributed and pamphlets don't; hence the packaging). The essay by Lynd, a radical historian and one of the most visible leaders of the anti-war movement, first appeared in slightly different form in the January 1971 issue of *Liberation* magazine. Alperovitz's piece has been widely circulated in mimeograph form among Left social scientists and has been reprinted in various versions in radical economics journals and texts. Publication in book form is intended to make the essays available to a less restricted audience.

Drawing on the historical experience of the new and old American Left in the 1930s and in the post-World War II period, Lynd suggests that the Left in the 1970s must try to combine the old Left's ability to build mass-based organizations and the New Left's talent for consciousness raising and insistence on democratic participation.

Derek Shearer has taught economics and politics at the University of Maryland, Tufts and the Cambridge-Goddard Graduate School. He is at present a contributing editor of Ramparts, *for which he writes the monthly column, "Almanac."*

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Lynd argues, quite rightly I think, that "if we are serious about changing our own society and about our responsibility to oppressed people everywhere," the nonsectarian Left must build organizations which engage both in electoral and non-electoral politics, and which can attract the majority of Americans. This requires, says Lynd, "that radicals must both participate openly in other organizations (i.e., organizations other than 'pure' Left groups) and maintain a self-consciously independent stance." Radicals should not disguise their radicalism; at the same time, they should not flaunt it in a rhetorical manner—and they should be willing to work for significant reforms which improve the lives of working people.

All of Lynd's conclusions are based on his own organizing experience in Gary, Ind., on good common sense, and on a commitment to *democratic* socialism. His essay deserves wide attention.

Gar Alperovitz, who formerly worked as a legislative aide to Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.) and wrote a major revisionist book on the cold war, sketches here a vision of an alternative political economy for the United States —a pluralist commonwealth based upon decentralized socialism with a heavy emphasis on regional cooperation. Alperovitz's piece is an introduction to his thinking on this subject. He is at present the director of a foundation-sponsored research project—the Exploratory Project on Economic Alternatives—and is drafting a study of political economic alternatives for the United States. He plans to publish his detailed arguments in 1974 or 1975, with an eye toward stirring debate during the Bicentennial among open-minded liberals and conservatives who are not happy with the drift toward corporate socialism.

Alperovitz presents a succinct critique of Soviet-style state socialism and discusses various alternatives to such centralization—*laissez-faire* capitalism, Yugoslav-style self-management, and the community socialism of the kibbutzim. He then lays out his own "three-level vision of cooperative community, economic region and confederated nation." Alperovitz argues that it is possible to envision a decentralized economy which combines a wide measure of community control and worker self-management with public ownership and a high degree of regional autonomy, without the need for strong central planning at the federal level.

His vision is appealing, and certainly technically possible in a country as rich and advanced as the United States. There are problems with the pluralist commonwealth (problems of which Alperovitz himself is well aware). As he remarks, however, his vision is not meant to be a blueprint for the future but an inspiration for political action. Consequently, petty objections to Alperovitz's model are irrelevant until we are a bit closer to establishing the pluralist commonwealth.

The Left is faced with the problem of learning how to work politically *in America* and how to convince a majority of Americans not only that their real interests lie in changes in the political economy but that such changes are really possible. And, of course, the pluralist commonwealth, if it ever comes into being, will not be established; it will grow out of current developments in the American economy and out of the continuing political struggle.

Political education is what primarily concerns Michael Lerner in his book, *The New Socialist Revolution*. Lerner, now a professor of philosophy at Trinity College in Connecticut, wrote this book in 1971 after being released from jail on charges stemming from an anti-war demonstration in Seattle. Lerner was also involved in starting the New Ameri-

Two Poems by Mark Van Doren (1894-1972)

The following poems will appear in *Good Morning: Last Poems* (Hill & Wang), which will be published posthumously. Mr. Van Doren, who was literary editor of this magazine from September 3, 1924, through September 26, 1928, sent these poems to *The Nation* a few days before his death last December.

WATER WAS

What did the first man
Think water was?
So thin, so dripping, so
Weightless between the fingers, so
Perfectly seen through, with fish gliding
As if in captured air, and ripples
Kissing the top of it, where wind and wave
Argued which was lighter. Then,
Neither was: the two together, monstrous,
Walls of weight that crushed all thought
Of breathing. Then,
Quiet once more, then nothingness—
Transparency—till one day a vessel
Filled, and backs bent
To lift it: vainly, for the invisible
Contents were bound as if by iron
To earth: heavy, not
Gamesome, so that—look, a little lake
Must lie there like lead, and seven solid
Oceans outweigh the world.

RAIN BEAUTIFIES THE CITY

Rain beautifies the city;
Makes mirrors of it, flattering
Our minds, our eyes; even
The sparrows, resting, glance at themselves
In windows and think they are cleaner
For once; while cornices drip
And gutters gurgle, and tires
Hiss incessantly, saying
Look, it is different now, listen
And look, it is not the same
City at all, it is old, old—an old
Woman with bright eyes, remembering
The youth of the world, the cool,
The dancing feet, the flung capes, the morning
Cries, the sun, the whistles, and the unkillable
Hope, the unstoppable joy.

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can Movement which hopes to be a kind of explicitly Socialist nationwide organization.

As Lerner wrote in a recent letter to *The New York Times Book Review*, he aimed his book at nonideological activists of the 1960s who are looking for an analysis of American society and a sensible call to action amidst the turmoil of the 1970s. To test the efficacy of Lerner's effort, I gave a copy of his book to a friend—a 25-year-old who had been involved in the anti-war movement in college and who had spent three years organizing welfare mothers in the Midwest. My friend, a community organizer with Left sympathies who has not yet gotten around to reading Marx, Baran and Sweezy, Gorz or other heavy Left thinkers, had mixed reactions to Lerner's book.

He agreed almost completely with the first section in which Lerner discusses the New Left's views on inequality, crime, racism, sexual bias and imperialism. This part of the book is extremely useful for people who have not been exposed to the literature of the Left before; it commends the book for use in college classrooms and community discussion groups.

My friend felt, however, that Lerner's discussion of how the Left might organize to bring about the democratic Socialist vision was inadequate. (Lerner's description of the vision is similar to Alperovitz's, though not as well thought out.) Lerner talks in rather vague generalities; he does refer briefly to his own experience in Seattle, for example, but does not really go into the kind of detail which it would be helpful to know, if one were actually involved in political work.

Lerner should not be too harshly criticized for omitting such material, since there has been little New Left organizing experience to discuss except for the much written about civil rights movement and the abortive SDS economic research and action projects. However, Lerner does mention Michael Harrington's argument that the Democratic Party could become a Socialist Democratic Party, but he dismisses Harrington without really evaluating the pros and cons of Harrington's position.

My friend suggested that Lerner should write another book which would deal more concretely with political organization, particularly with the question of political parties and with what lessons the American Left might be able to learn from the experience of the Left in France, Italy, England and other advanced capitalist countries. I learned at a recent conference in Washington, D.C., which Lerner attended, that he plans to do just that.

Despite the inadequacies of both books —inadequacies which quite understandably reflect the underdevelopment of the American Left—anyone seriously interested in the future of American politics should read and ponder them. The Watergate revelations have set back the advent of the Republican "New American Majority." Now that the Left has a little more breathing space, perhaps it can set about building its own majority. These books are a start in that direction. □

Warming Up for Revolution

PENNSYLVANIA POLITICS, 1746-1770: The Movement for Royal Government and Its Consequences. *By James H. Hutson. Princeton University Press. 264 pp. $8.50.*

MELVIN H. BUXBAUM

James H. Hutson of the Library of Congress has written an absorbing, carefully researched and challenging book dealing with Pennsylvania politics as a barometer of colonial attitudes toward George III and his ministers a decade before the Revolution.

Melvin Buxbaum teaches English at Baruch College of the City University of New York. A frequent writer on early American studies, he is at present completing a book on Benjamin Franklin.

According to Hutson, the most significant fact about pre-war Pennsylvania life was its steady resistance to the proprietor's attempts to impose external controls on the province from the comfort of his study in England. Thomas Penn, one of the founder's sons, saw his family lose its share of authority in the colony because of neglect and financial incapacity—authority which the popular Pennsylvania Assembly was only too glad to assume. That body was controlled by Quakers and led by the greatest of all deists, Benjamin Franklin, and together they struggled against the proprietor and his allies in what at times became a knockdown, drag-out battle that left both sides considerably bloodied and somewhat the worse for the test.

While in times of great stress Penn often had his way with the Assembly, the Quakers normally held their own. Moreover, they had one weapon which, from time to time, they brandished threateningly but had never used: an appeal to the King to take over the province from the greedy and inflexible Penn. To serious Quakers the threat of such a move was just a threat. History had taught them better than to trust their very firmly established religious and civil freedoms to the uncertain generosity and good will of the King and the Church of England. And most Quakers feared with reason that with royal government there would soon be a bishop imposed on the colonies. Franklin, however, cared only as much as he had to about his Quaker allies, and was serious about royal government. Not only did he believe it best for the province but he hated Penn more than anyone.

After nearly twenty years of struggle between the Assembly and the proprietor, the Franklin-led Assembly solicited signatures for royal government in 1764. An intense campaign, though, produced only 3,500 signatures. The Proprietary Party on the other hand, was able to produce 15,000 signatures against the change. Further, in the elections of that year, Franklin and his chief lieutenant, Joseph Galloway, the men most closely identified with the campaign for

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royal government, were defeated. Franklin had miscalculated the popular feeling in the colony. (Later as agent in England, he would fail for years to understand just how far down the road to revolution his countrymen were, and he would eventually have to change his own political direction and hurry to catch up with them in time to be a patriot and hero.) Upon his defeat in the election, Franklin was sent to England, ostensibly to work against the Stamp Act, but also to push for royal government in the event that English Quakers could reach no accommodation with Penn. When such efforts failed, Franklin, in spite of the sentiment in Pennsylvania, worked assiduously for the change. He grasped at every faint clue that came his way and forced himself into thinking it a sign that the King and ministers were going to buy the government from Penn; consequently, he deluded himself and his supporters until 1768, when Lord Hillsborough shattered all of Franklin's hopes regarding royal government. Thousands in Pennsylvania, including a great many Quakers, were relieved when Franklin pronounced the scheme dead. So great was his desire, however, that the increasing political, economic, social and cultural animosities between the two countries were not in themselves enough to shake his belief that all would be well under the King. But to his fellow Pennsylvanians, it was becoming clear that the external controls and the authoritarianism of the King and ministry were far more difficult to bear than that of the proprietor.

To Hutson the election of 1764 is a barometer of colonial sentiment toward English government, for Pennsylvania was a central and quite moderate colony. The underlying spirit of alienation, then, preceded the Revolution by twelve years. Hutson also goes on to explain what he takes to be the rise of the patriotic party in Pennsylvania. Since the Quaker politicians in the Assembly wanted either to keep alive the threat of royal government, or actually desired it, they did not permit the province to engage in activities that would injure it in the eyes of the King and ministry. The politics of the Assembly was that of ingratiation. Ironically, so too was that of the Proprietary Party. Having gone so far as to work against the campaign for royal government, these politicians could go no farther without risking the loss of their profitable positions in the colony. Thus, they also sought to ingratiate themselves with the King. The patriots, then, were left without a party until Presbyterian politicians took up the cause. Since, Hutson tells us, the party was dominated by their group, it was known as the Presbyterian Party, and it went on to become the center of resistance and revolutionary zeal in Pennsylvania.

There is much here that is good; however there are difficulties with this book that should be mentioned. Hutson surely overstates the importance of the 1764 election with respect to the war. The campaign that year against Franklin was vicious. His enemies brought up the fact that his son William was illegitimate, and accused Franklin of mistreating the mother by practically starving her during her life and then burying her in an obscure, unmarked grave so that no one would ever know who she was. This was damaging to one who traded on his reputation as a moralist. Further, whereas Franklin normally carried the local German vote easily, his opponents reminded this group of an ugly remark he had once made about them. They therefore voted the Proprietary ticket in large numbers this time, and were more than the margin of his defeat. Then, too, his allies mishandled the election. At one point they insisted that the polls stay open later than they should have and then finally closed down too soon. Even with these factors, though, Franklin lost by only a hundred votes, and the next year he and his allies won handily. In fact, they retained their offices until the eve of the Revolution, and all this time Franklin was in England. He certainly did not cease working for royal government during the next few years after the 1764 election, and so one wonders just how important the campaign was in his defeat. Hutson's interpretation, it seems, also fails to give enough weight to other factors which turned many who were loyalists in 1764 into revolutionaries later. Not only was the political situation worsening steadily but the stinging attacks on every aspect of American character and life that rolled off the British presses also infuriated the colonists. While they might tolerate criticism of their eating habits, they felt differently when their religion, their courage and their very sexual competence were questioned almost daily. Finally, to refer to the patriotic party as the Presbyterian Party is to distort the facts, and it is inaccurate to treat its development as an almost overnight phenomenon. Though the group was largely Presbyterian, it included a broad non-Presbyterian spectrum far more representative of life in Pennsylvania than Hutson shows.

Further, some of these men were formerly supporters of the Assembly, and others came from the Proprietary Party. In fact, it is fair to say that the strength of the Proprietary Party had long been Presbyterian. Its political leader was Chief Justice William Allen, one of the most eminent Presbyterians in the province, and he proudly reported to Penn that in the election of 1764 his denomination had turned out in large numbers and "to a man" voted against Franklin. Presbyterians who knew what was happening in provincial affairs considered him a religious enemy and, like the Quakers, they had reason to fear a government under the direct control of the King and the influence of the Church of England.

While it has been necessary to correct these matters, it is nevertheless true that Hutson's book is important and rewarding to anyone interested in early American life. Written with force and clarity, it is a work that can be enjoyed by general readers as well as specialists. □

Victories of Happy Madness

THE WORLD OF APPLES. *By John Cheever. Alfred A. Knopf. 174 pp. $5.95.*

CHARLES BAZERMAN

Since the turn of the century, quiet desperation has been the stuff of our literary tragedies. However strong our conviction of success, we feel a nagging dread that our achievements are hollow. We fear that as much as Elizabethan Englishmen feared the vagaries of fortune and the falls of monarchs; now, as in those times, stories that exercise our fears are refreshing purgatives. The short stories of *The World of Apples* are all in the modern American tragic mode. John Cheever presents a collection of lives of failure, self-doubt and delusion.

In the title story, a famous poet is plagued by just such troubles. He is known for his pleasant creations; his last volume of verse was entitled *The World of Apples* (a good title bears repeating). But his equanimity is disturbed when he stumbles across a couple making love in the woods. He finds himself reduced to writing pornography, and as his imaginings become increasingly lewd and boorish, he wonders whether he and the world are forever consigned to filth. His sweetness of thought returns when he makes a pilgrimage to a regional shrine on the suggestion of his Italian

Charles Bazerman teaches English at Baruch College, CUNY.

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housemaid. The grace of ritual reconfirms his illusory world.

In "The Fourth Alarm," frail peace of mind is again restored by private illusion. A suburban husband, neglected by his liberated wife who copulates twice nightly on the New York stage, is distressed and confused by her public lewdness. He manages to get through a lonely day by recalling a "marvelously practical and obdurate part" of himself which did not allow him to abandon his wallet and keys to join an audience-participation love-pile at the end of his wife's performance. He finds a model for his old-fashioned ways in a memory of a childhood movie: at the last minute an almost abandoned horse-drawn fire engine is called to put out the fire the gas-propelled ones could not. His "marvelously practical and obdurate part" has rather romantic antecedents.

The semi-solitude of a writer's retreat or of an affluent suburb can keep a man satisfied in his delusions. But the depressed landscapes of other stories weigh more heavily. In "The Chimera" a henpecked husband waits on his back porch every night for his imaginary lover to appear and wonders if his neighbors on their back porches are doing the same. When his chimera comes, she produces as many problems as the rest of his life; he is unable to carry on a successful affair even with his own creation. One night, feeling quite guilty about abandoning his family, he keeps his chimera waiting. The chimera in turn finds another lover and goes on a week's binge. She returns hung-over and remorseful but is soon off again. Having had enough of those sordid suburban affairs, his fantasy packs up and heads for the West Coast.

The only victories Cheever allows are of a happy madness. In "The Geometry of Love" Charley Mallory faces his personal problems with his slide rule and the propositions of Euclid. The thought that life can be figured out precisely is appealing. Elsewhere a gluttonous stomach beats its master's diet. "When he ordered the *Zabaglione* I knew that I had won." And finally there is the housewife turned sniper who takes revenge on the superhighway that claimed the lives of her first and second husbands and all her children. She bags four interstate trucks before remarrying and quietly moving away.

The desire to fight back gets its most serious treatment in "Percy" where, despite strenuous efforts to build an artistic career for herself and her son, Aunt Percy's ambitions are always frustrated. Cast as a reminiscence, the story creates an elegiac counterpoint of nearly forgotten talent and the dispiriting weight of time and events. Hostile family gatherings are temporarily relieved by the son's music, and careers are dissipated by marriages. In this melancholy vanishing act the family is finally left to the weakest heir, a retarded second son, janitor at Logan Airport. Moment is added to moment and character to character in a novelistic fashion, and in the end we are left not with a single sad story or spot catastrophe but with a wide community of depression.

"The Jewels of the Cabots," the most impressive story in the collection, again in a novelistic manner, interweaves a family's decline with the leaden depression throughout the town. Here the characters and events are more eccentric, the catastrophes sharper. The motivating deception is wealth: the wife flaunts the jewels, the daughter steals them, the wife goes mad with their loss and kills her husband. The mistress from the poor side of the river, fearing her share in the will would be contested, never files a murder complaint, and the larcenous daughter grows fat living above a restaurant in Egypt.

The story covers the rich and the poor sides of the river to create a mosaic of lost people. Between the daughter's theft and the fight between husband and wife the next evening is a 6-page excursion through all the other catastrophes of town life: Doris, a male prostitute, haunts the working-class bar, serving a world of "spiritual nomadism" and accepted with "hapless indifference." Meanwhile genteel families suffer Sunday-dinner skirmishes lured on by the promise of roast beef. The arguments are ended by the mother's change of subject. " 'Feel that refreshing breeze.' There was, of course, seldom a breeze." The narrator also has a penchant for false refreshing breezes. He ends the digression with his special project of creating a newspaper that prints only good news. But even his fictitious stories have a morose ring:

> CONTROVERSIAL LEGISLATION REPEALED BY SENATE. The recently enacted bill, making it a felony to have wicked thoughts about the administration, was repealed this afternoon by a standup vote of forty-three to seven.

In the town of St. Botolphs the poor endure empty lives and the rich are brought together only by the myths of diamonds and the Sunday roast. When the story returns to the Cabots, it is only to record the final disintegration of the family.

These stories appeal to a morose part of our modern heart, the part that is convinced that we will soon end up fat, crazy or dead. It is one purpose of art to create well-turned public commiseration. It is odd, but very human, that we find delight in such things. □

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CORPORATE COUNTRY: A State Shaped to Suit Technology. *By William H. Rodgers, Jr. Rodale Press. 299 pp. $7.95.*

MARK J. GREEN

For those who believe problems of corporate responsibility are either esoteric or irrelevant, consider Duluth. Its citizens were recently told that the water they had been drinking for the past two decades contained excess asbestos filings because Reserve Mining, a big iron ore works, had been dumping 67,000 tons of industrial waste daily into Lake Superior, the city's water supply. The firm's reply: It's not dangerous; or, rephrased, "Let them eat asbestos." Which by way of example leads one to understand why corporate America's popularity has plummeted (seven years ago 55 per cent of those responding to a Harris poll had "great" confidence in business; today 27 per cent do) and why C.S. Lewis could write thirty years ago in *The Screwtape Letters*: "The greatest evil is not now done in those sordid 'dens of crime' that Dickens loved to paint. It is not done even in concentration camps and labor camps. . . . But it is conceived and ordered—moved, seconded, carried and minuted—in clean, carpeted, warmed and well-lighted offices, by quiet men with white collars and cut fingernails and smooth-shaven cheeks who do not need to raise their voices."

According to William H. Rodgers, Jr., such types are the denizens of the "Corporate Country," which is "a state shaped to suit technology." It is a place where corporations promote profitable technology by a variety of chicanery. First, there is the conscription of the scientific estate, which produces self-serving and phony studies for corporate use; since he who controls the information can often control the conclusion (or in computer parlance, garbage in/garbage out), scien-

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tific support for what a firm is going to do anyway is considered essential. Second, according to Rodgers, there is a large-scale, mendacious public relations effort to convince the public and the policy makers of a sense of responsibility on the part of corporations (e.g., in 1969 the Big Three soap and detergent firms spent 225 times as much on advertising as the federal government did for research into water pollution blamed on detergents); and third, corporations can influence the government without undue strain, and in ways far more sophisticated than the ham-handedness of predecessor robber barons (no longer do Cornelius Vanderbilts say they don't have to run for Senator because they make so many of them anyway).

At times, however, when push comes to shove, a business may resort to criminality to achieve its objective. Rodgers sees this as "technological crime," one which rarely invokes the wrath or sanctions of the law. Why? Perhaps because corporations help write many of the laws in the first place, or because it has never been within our cultural ken to consider such acts as criminal. As Ralph Nader once put it: "It is a crime for a man to relieve himself in the Detroit River, but not for an industry to relieve itself in the Detroit River."

Corporate Country traces in well-documented detail just how these tactics unfold in nine specific situations: how bottlers and can producers helped defeat a Washington State initiative for returnable bottles; how copper firms deployed advisory committees, Washington, D.C. law firms, corporate scientists and White House influence to undermine the ambient air standards set by the Environmental Protection Agency; how the airplane industry, with a more than acquiescent government, frustrated strict noise controls on jet engines. From his reading of court transcripts and the trade press, Rodgers has acquired the evidence that often shows his subjects hoist by their own candor. Thus, while Boise Cascade says that "Boise Cascade does more than develop recreation communities. We stay to see what develops," a firm manager is quoted as saying, after selling off his lots at Lake Wildwood, "Mission accomplished. Wildwood is dead. Where do you want us next?" Or, as a Reynolds representative admitted, "It is cheaper to pay claims than it is to control fluorides."

All these case studies have a common denominator: the defense of existing technology is the paramount corporate goal. And if the countryside is littered, or the air dirty and noisy—economic "externalities" beyond the control of the free marketplace—well, that is presumably the cost of progress and profits.

Because I hold certain beliefs which Rodgers seems to share, I instinctively wanted to like *Corporate Country*. But as much as I agreed with its thesis, this was not easy to do. Stylistically it is a polemic, with shrill sentences and choppy paragraphs like so many news clips hung together. There is far too much argument by adjective, especially given the persuasiveness of the pure facts themselves. For instance, within the space of 4 pages we are carefully told, in case we didn't get the point ourselves, that various business activities were "laughable . . . ludicrous . . . fraudulent . . . [a] brilliant iniquity." The narrative is relentless, bereft of grace, rarely relieved by a personal vignette or an insightful digression. The book is not fun to read.

Perhaps even worse is its one-sidedness, which only undercuts its largely legitimate arguments. Rodgers sounds like a Luddite, for whom technology is synonymous with bad. But, of course, from the Salk vaccine to solar energy, it can set us free. Or what about instances where a damaging technology *was* defeated, as in the case of the SST, not mentioned once in this book? What of the Senate's Technology Assessment Board? Should the federal government *ever* invest in research and development, as many now urge, given the energy industry's reluctance to do so in potentially competing fuel sources? Such considerations are ignored.

Legislation and regulation, to be sure, can be controlled by corporations. But always and inevitably, as Rodgers implies? How can one then explain the creation and relative vigor of an EPA or Consumer Product Safety Commission? And yes, there is a corporate crime which affects us all. But how often and why? What is the environment that leads businessmen to behave with such venality; why do some succumb and some not? Rodgers' conclusion is valid and intelligent—draw a bright line between the government passing coercive laws and corporations following them and making a profit—but it is so brief and sketchy as to appear almost an afterthought.

In mid-1973 it is always valuable to have more documentation of corporate abuses. But enough is now known to require public advocates to push beyond polemics to analysis and prescription. This, Rodgers—a talented young law professor whose best work is surely yet to come—does not do. Instead we have a handbook of corporate horrors, not as readable as *In the Name of Profit*, not as perceptive as *America, Inc.*, and therefore is not enough to get us off the dime. □

Mark Green is the director of Ralph Nader's Corporate Accountability Research Group. His most recent books include Who Runs Congress?, Corporate Power in America *and* The Monopoly Makers.

Counsel for the Resurrection

THE FLIGHT OF PETER FROMM. *By Martin Gardner. William Kaufmann. 272 pp. $8.95.*

PETER DREYER

There seems always to have been a compensatory metaphysical streak to mathematical genius. Pythagoras, Newton and Einstein exhibited it clearly. So did the ingenious Bishop Berkeley, who on largely intuitive grounds "decidedly rejected the external reality of space" (A. V. Vasiliev, in *Time, Space and Motion*), i.e., of matter, in opposition to the Newtonians, and has since been shown by modern physics to have been remarkably right. "Matter," confirmed Bertrand Russell in 1927, "is a convenient formula for describing what happens where it isn't." And the evidence collected by Arthur Koestler (in *The Roots of Coincidence* and elsewhere) piled on recent events at the Stanford Research Institute, where the Israeli Uri Geller demonstrated to the satisfaction of experimenters that he was capable of stopping clocks, bending keys, and otherwise interfering with the material world by the unaided powers of his mind, suggests that the hegemony of materialism may be coming to an end. Perhaps we will shortly see it as a brief aberration in the long history of metaphysics. Yet we turn our faces stubbornly aside—the battles of materialism were so recently won. We were fighting them only yesterday, "convinced that Sigmund Freud was stating a simple, empirically demonstrable fact when he described religion (in the supernatural sense) as the 'universal obsessional neurosis' of mankind"—as the narrator of the volume at hand says of himself—and involved in a greater or less degree under the standards of Karl Marx.

Peter Dreyer writes a monthly book column for San Francisco *magazine. He is publishing an interim autobiography in the fall entitled* The Future of Treason *(Ballantine Books).*

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Martin Gardner has been responsible for at least one indispensable book—*The Annotated Alice*. He is also the author of *The Ambidextrous Universe*, a scientific saga *non pareil* charting the perils of Parity, which would have delighted that other whimsical mathematician, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, alias Lewis Carroll. Mr. Gardner has for years contributed the monthly "Mathematical Games" feature to *Scientific American* and has written and edited a whole string of books on mathematical puzzles and problems. He is very much in the tradition, and it should have been no surprise to find that the subject of his first novel (now issued by the newly founded publishing house of William Kaufmann, at Los Altos in California) is the crisis of Protestant faith and the treason of the theologians.

The Flight of Peter Fromm is the story of a young Oklahoman, brought up as a fundamentalist and a Pentecostal preacher and determined to be the greatest evangelical minister ever. In divinity school at the University of Chicago in the heyday of Robert Hutchins, "the country's youngest, handsomest, wittiest, and most arrogant college president," he becomes the friend and protégé of Dr. Homer Wilson, also the purported author of the book—the manuscript of which Gardner claims in a foreword to have edited "only in the most superficial way"—is one of those latter-day theologists who, frankly, do not believe in God, and are given to printing papers with titles like "The Neurotic Foundations of Theism" in *The Journal of Depth Psychology*. Not the least of the novel's achievements is the relationship between these two, the older man literate, urbane and cheerfully despairing; the younger naive, obsessed and never even in his ultimate sophistication free of the revivalist threnody of his childhood:

> *Would you be free from your burden of sin?*
> *There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;*
> *Would you o'er evil a victory win?*
> *There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.*

Wilson gently oversees Peter's development, never prematurely anticipating but always at hand to advise in the painful mazes of disillusionment. Together they take on Karl Barth: though never in sympathy with any of Barth's religious views, they agree that his theology offers "the last and only hope for Protestant orthodoxy." But Barth's "theological positivism" is the uncompromising foe of metaphysics, and his justification of religious faith is unabashedly circular:

> This is a conviction which needs no proof, a knowledge which has its ratio in itself, an experience which derives from revelation and from nowhere else. . . . It is a circle into which one cannot come from without and out of which one cannot go from within. One can only be either within or without. There is no neutral position, in which one might think over the possibilities of being within or without and arrive at the appropriate conclusion.

On to Paul Tillich: Peter, Wilson (and Barth) find his system "ultimately uninteresting" and his God a "frigid monstrosity." Tillich is a Christian "only in the vaguest, mushiest sense."

Jointly they flirt with Christian Marxism—fellow traveling was fashionable in the University of Chicago's "Grey City," and they have the examples of Barth himself, and of Reinhold Niebuhr, whose "early political writings were filled with arguments that could easily have been used for justifying the crimes of Stalin." At an open-air peace rally ("The Yanks are NOT Coming!") Peter—always quick with his fists—lays out an American Legionnaire and earns a DIVINITY STUDENT PUNCHES PATRIOT headline in the Hearst evening paper. But even the "unembarrassable" Robert Hutchins was singing isolationism then.

After Hitler's invasion of Russia, how-

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OAK LEAVES

"Listen—from under this ice we speak,
here where the stars tick and God
in a sluggish mood nudges the trout
awake. Autumn caught us; after
one storm the cold stayed on. Easy leaves,
we fled far, far, peering into
this frozen lake. In the spring by ways
God knows we will be back."

When our mother in the quiet house looked out
where leaves peered in, she told that story
her mother knew from living so long.
And clear as the scene from the window
while the talk went on, we peered
through fingers of cold out at the storm
above our story: "Listen—from under
this ice we speak"—and began to know.

William Stafford

ever, "The faithful toddled along with the new line as they always do," Wilson says, "and Peter and I trailed after them." Scorning the defense of his status as a student and clergyman to be, Peter enlists in the Navy in 1942, and serves out his time on a destroyer.

But the war against the Nazis is no more than an interlude in the book, as perhaps in the great struggle of atheism versus theism which is its theme. The hero is no sooner out of uniform than he announces, "I've got to decide what to do with Reinhold Niebuhr." With this warning we plunge straight back into the debate. Niebuhr, alas, is cagey too—also "embarrassed by the miracle" in John Updike's phrase. "Reinie just won't tell us what he thinks," Peter concludes angrily.

The great Protestant theologians have been found wanting. So too the fathers of the Church; Wilson cunningly horrifies Peter by quoting St. Thomas Aquinas on the sufferings of the lost: "In order that nothing be wanting to the happiness of the blessed in Heaven, a perfect view is granted them of the tortures of the damned."

There follows disenchantment with the Soviet experiment. "The redness of the Russian flag became for Peter, like the redness of the blood of Christ, a symbol of futile sacrifice."

Peter's breakdown and lapse—not from but *into* faith, as opposed to the sterile theologizing of schoolmen old and new—are now inevitable. Visiting his mother in the hospital, and praying at her bedside at her request, he is overtaken by glossolalia: he begins abruptly to speak in "the Unknown Tongue." The denouement swiftly unrolls. He baits his fiancée's father, an unctuous ("As my friend Norman Vincent Peale likes to say . . .") Methodist minister, on the subject of Christ's Resurrection, and punches him in the mouth when he persists in evading the issue. The next day he appears in Wilson's own Midway Community Church, where he has agreed to preach an Easter sermon: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain." Given this explosive Pauline theme, he predictably (for the reader) goes berserk, and has to be forcibly subdued.

The unflappable Wilson takes him off to New Mexico for a recuperative holiday. There in Santa Fe, "The Royal City of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis of Assisi," the book concludes. Peter rejects the ministry, but continues to believe. With Unamuno he knows only that he can't not believe. He has faced the Kierkegaardian either/or. The world goes on:

> Across the Rio Grande Valley, in the far foothills of the Jémez mountains, the lights of Los Alamos continued to scintillate. There the thunderbirds of science were carrying on their secret work with Brother Fire and Sister Heavy Water, probing the mysteries of Older Brother, the Eminent Mr. Sun, courting the love of Little Sister Death. To the east, silhouetted against the stars, we could see the black profiles of the mountains called *Sangre de Cristo*. Smoke from the burning piñon wood, with its rich cedar fragrance, coiled upward through the small clay chimney near us and slowly dispersed its atoms into the moist night air.

No reader of this review could be a more dyed-in-the-wool unbeliever than its writer, but *The Flight of Peter Fromm* is a *tour de force* that makes its own demands. I hope I have done some justice to its intelligence and felicities. □

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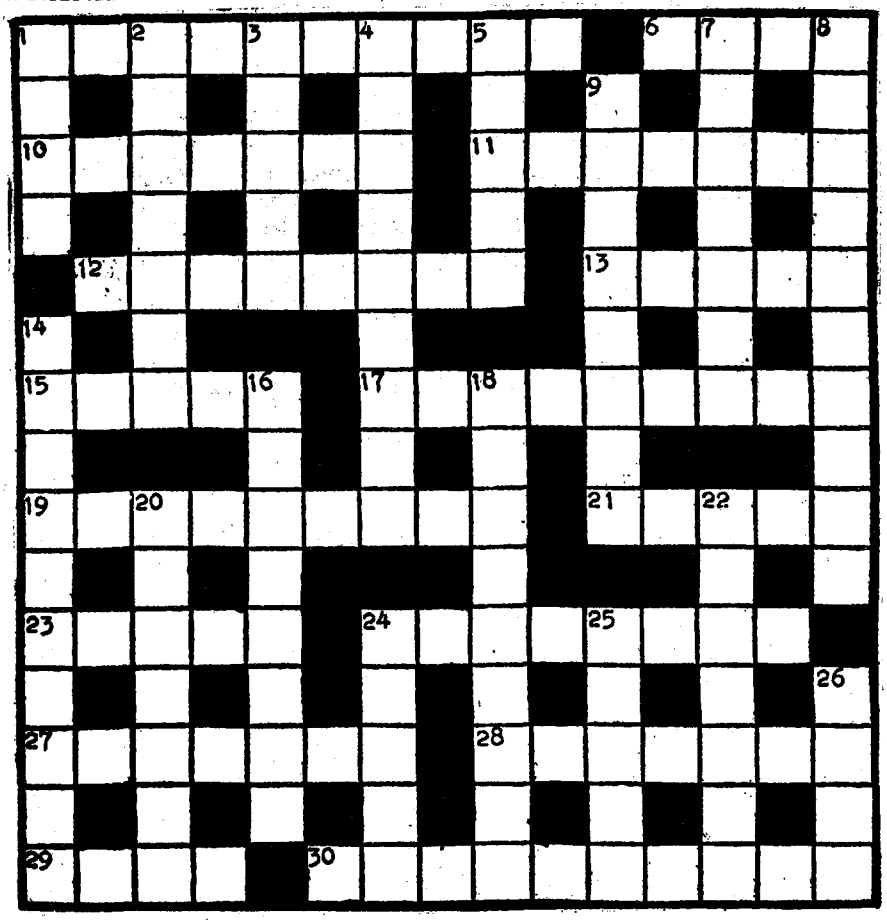
Crossword Puzzle No. 1502

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Fruit dish in which opposite sides might clash. (6,4)
6 Old, for this looked for food. (4)
10 See 23 across
11 Mother's supposed to keep things hot, even though upset. (7)
12 See 7 down
13 How 15 ends with leaves between the folds of other leaves. (5)
15 The circle on top? A surprising victory!
17 No brooding, naturally, when things are so. (9)
19 One could shoot the German expert who might have sneaked in! (9)
21 Sees a way to make moves, if relaxed.
23, 26 down and 10 across Proving pussy-footing could be a burning issue of play. (3,2,1,3,3,4)
24 See 5 down
27 How can one display no charm, in such a high position? (7)
28 They're used to having a 27—we're not, in shingle-splitting. (7)
29 Descriptive of the Hilton horizon? (4)
30 It should be in keeping with a half-sister surrounded by a feeling of serenity.

DOWN

1 As to this, one should know them to be well-informed. (4)
2 They might protect you with a hang-over. (7)
3 Not the best man for the job in a stable environment. (5)
4 Clothes should, if it's brought up in backing a hunch, become suitable. (9)
5 and 24 across Be careful—you're not supposed to when you dance! (5,4,4)
7 and 12 across Some wild animals circle as well as correspond with the last word in certain court proceedings! (4,3,3,5)
8 Inevitably a fine thing is first and last implied. (4,2,4)
9 People count on things being so. (8)
14 From a dozen to a gross in such a system? (10)
16 If you're afraid of laying it on a bit thick, these might help. (8)
18 Take advantage of seasonal music about it—in other words, they seem to go around merry. (9)
20 One sometimes sees a few stars associated with the establishment, if you follow them in traveling. (7)
22 Mulish, in one sense. (7)
24 Swift animal? (5)
25 Sounds as though it might be something like 7½ deep breaths. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1501

ACROSS: 1 and 4 Take up the slack; 10 Iceberg; 11 Bolster; 12 Kites; 13, 14 and 31 Out of the running; 15 Field; 17 Top-notch; 21 Particle; 23 Input; 26 and 18 down Under-pressure; 28 and 22 down His and Hers; 29 Parma; 30 Blended; 32 Response. DOWN: 1 and 25 down Think of a number; 2 and 33 across Keep the change; 3 Users; 5 Habit; 6 Salvo; 7 Astatic; 8 Kernel; 9 Agnostic; 16 Dot; 19 Obi; 20 Strangle; 24 Portion; 27 Rodeo; 28 Hides; 29 Punch.

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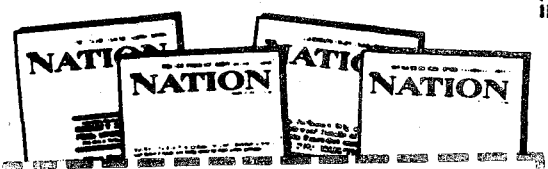

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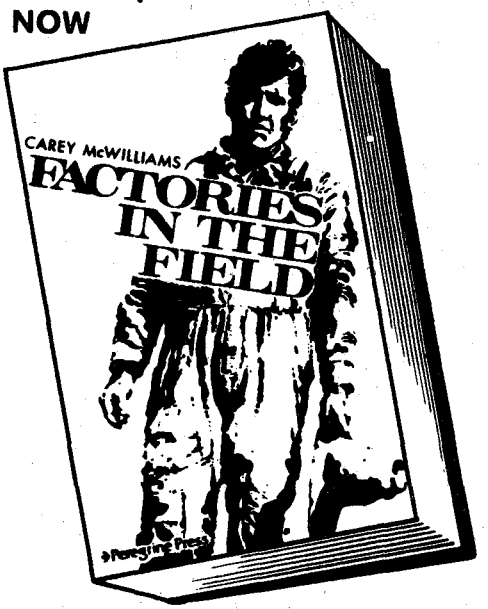

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